

THE READER'S DIGEST

of Lasting Interest



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No. 75

JULY, NINETEEN TWENTY-EIGHT

The Bookman's Monthly Score

From The Bookman (June, '28)

A list of books most in demand in public libraries, compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, life member of the American Library Association, in coöperation with the Public Libraries of America.

GENERAL

1. Mother India	Katherine Mayo	HARCOURT
2. Trader Horn	Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis	SIMON
3. Napoleon	Emil Ludwig	LIVERIGHT
4. "We"	Charles Lindbergh	PUTNAM
5. The Royal Road to Romance	Richard Halliburton	BOBBS
6. The Glorious Adventure	Richard Halliburton	BOBBS
7. Disraeli	André Maurois	APPLETON
8. Bismarck	Emil Ludwig	LITTLE
9. The Story of Philosophy	Will Durant	SIMON
10. Transition	Will Durant	SIMON
11. Count Luckner	Lowell Thomas	DOUBLEDAY
12. A Son of Mother India Answers	Dhan Gopal Mukerji	DUTTON

FICTION

1. The Bridge of San Luis Rey	Thornton Wilder	A. & C. BONI
2. Kitty	Warwick Deeping	KNOPF
3. Jalna	Mazo de la Roche	LITTLE
4. Wintersmoon	Hugh Walpole	DOUBLEDAY
5. Death Comes for the Archbishop	Willa Cather	KNOPF
6. Claire Ambler	Booth Tarkington	DOUBLEDAY
7. Sorrell & Son	Warwick Deeping	KNOPF
8. Giants in the Earth	O. E. Rølvaag	HARPERS
9. A President is Born	Fannie Hurst	HARPERS
10. Red Rust	Cornelia James Cannon	LITTLE
11. The Ugly Duchess	Lion Feuchtwanger	VIKING
12. Dusty Answer	Rosamond Lehmann	HOLT

THE READER'S DIGEST ASSOCIATION, Inc.
Pleasantville, New York

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Published Monthly, 25c a copy; \$3.00 a Year; (Foreign, \$3.25)

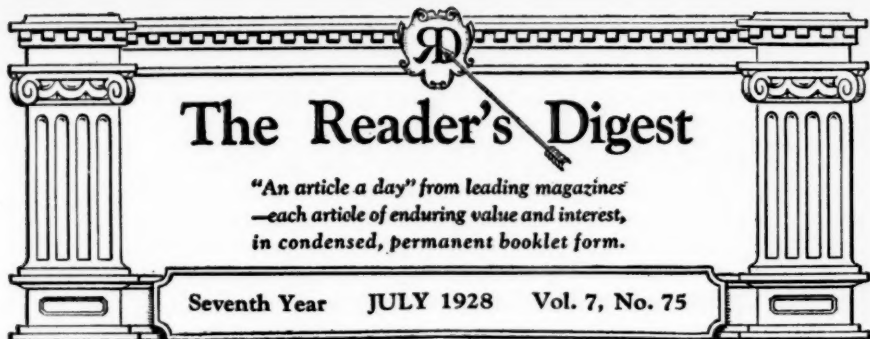
Two-Year Subscription, \$5.00 (Foreign, \$5.50)

(No extra charge to Canada)

Entered as second-class matter, at the Post Office at Pleasantville, N. Y.,
under act of March 3, 1879

Additional entry at Post Office, Concord, N. H. Copyright, 1928, The Reader's Digest Assn., Inc.

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A., BY RUMFORD PRESS, CONCORD, N. H.



The Reader's Digest

"An article a day" from leading magazines
—each article of enduring value and interest,
in condensed, permanent booklet form.

Seventh Year JULY 1928 Vol. 7, No. 75

The International Irritant

Condensed from The Forum (June, '28)

G. K. Chesterton

OF the differences that arise between peoples, a large number may be truly called misunderstandings. And if we are to remove misunderstanding, we must begin with understanding how tastes differ. Liberty leads to variety, and variety leads to controversy. Yet the most curious thing is that one of the worst sorts of misunderstandings generally arises when two things are very much alike.

What commonly bewilders a man about a foreign country is not finding a thing where he is accustomed to find it. An intelligent Italian, visiting London, said he liked nearly everything there except the dirt and beggars. He was quite surprised when he was told that this was exactly what many intelligent Londoners say on visiting Italy. But he was perfectly right. He saw something in London which Londoners do not see because they are always seeing it. By "dirt" he did not mean the dirt of such people as chose to be dirty, as in his own sunny land. He meant the dirt of *everything*, of things that nobody wants to be dirty, of white marble statues or baskets of flowers, or all the things that sparkle spotlessly under an

Italian sky. And by "beggars" he meant not honest beggars where beggars ought to be, asking alms. He meant the men who pretend to open cab doors and don't, or hover round expecting something for doing nothing. In other words, the Italian really felt exactly as the Englishman felt. Each of them could put up with dirt or beggars where he was accustomed to dirt or beggars. It has been said that dirt is only matter in the wrong place. Each man wanted it in the "right" wrong place.

I once talked to a fellow countryman inside a French restaurant. He was very indignant because the Frenchman would not allow him to open a window; and he snorted scornfully and said that the whole nation hated the open air. I replied, "That being so, is it not singular that most of them are having their lunch in the street outside?" Now it never occurred to that man, when walking down Piccadilly, to say, "None of these restaurants have got any seats outside, so the people who like the open air can lunch in it." He did not miss French fresh air in London. He only missed English fresh air in Paris. And almost all minor misunderstandings

between nations are of that sort. They really like the same thing, but they like much more their own way of getting it.

In this matter of fresh air alone, for instance, there is a danger of a still more serious misunderstanding between England and America. Englishmen do not understand that there is no such thing in America as mere air. There is cold air and hot air. In other words, Englishmen have never experienced any such thing as summer and winter. They have only experienced weather; and they grumble at that. But both peoples would like to moderate heat and cold to a reasonable degree; only the heat and cold they have to moderate are things totally different. And this, which is true of obvious material things like cold and heat, is equally true of the moral things that determine politics and social life. It is not so much a difference between black and white, as the difference felt by a man who finds black where he is used to white and white where he has always expected black.

The immediate moral is this: whenever we find ourselves criticizing a foreign state, we should make the experiment of saying, not "Do I do this precise thing?" but "In what form do I do practically the same thing?" It is a hundred to one that we shall find that we do it in some form.

All this involves an attitude in moral matters which is very much misunderstood. What humanity hates is not the mere accidental hatred we have for this or that enemy. What humanity hates is pride; or praise of ourselves uttered as if everything about us was praiseworthy. Men could easily forgive us for believing that our foes are as black as they are painted; but not for believing that we ourselves are as white as we are white-washed. And we are not. Whether we are English or American or German or any other historical human beings, we most certainly are not. Indeed, it is much more likely that people are right

in cursing foreigners than in blessing themselves as utterly blameless things. Something may really be done on the day that an Englishman can say heartily and with warmth, "The Jam-Jams are oppressing the Jub-Jubs as abominably as we oppressed the Irish," or an American can say, "The corruption at the court of Polybia is as bad as the Oil Trust." Lest I be accused in my turn of preaching a pompous morality it is impossible to practice, I will say that the book I wrote against Prussia in the crisis of the War bore the title of *The Crimes of England*. But though this ideal is as difficult for me as for everybody else, I am quite sure it is the right ideal.

Unfortunately the usual way of trying to avoid a quarrel between one nation and another, and especially between England and America, does not consist of this mutual confession of human weakness. It consists rather of a sort of patronizing expansion of pride. It consists of saying: "I hold this intelligent, idealistic, humane, and high-minded view; and it is so manifestly superior that you, I am sure, will be only too ready to share it." So some Americans not only talk as if they had a moral mission to purify the world, but seem to entertain the extraordinary notion that the world would regard prohibition as a form of purification. In other words, instead of saying, "Let us both confess our sins," each nation is saying, "Come you, and share my virtues." That is, I most firmly believe, the essential poison in almost all international irritations. It is spiritual pride: a thing far more venomous than spite.

That sort of intellectual imperialism has done far more harm than the most narrow nationalism. To preach our own virtues as the only basis for internationalism leads to the worst of all misunderstandings. In a word, foreigners can forgive our vice; what they cannot forgive is our virtue.



The Political Campaign and Prosperity

Condensed from The American Magazine (June, '28)

Col. Leonard P. Ayres, famous statistician (Reported by Keene Sumner)

WE have had many political campaigns, *in the past*, when business had good reason to be apprehensive. Times when political uncertainty held positive dangers to our prosperity. But today there is no vital relation between business and the probable political issues. It will make practically no difference, to business, what candidate is elected in November. Naturally, I should like to see my own party win. But so far as business prosperity is concerned, I think the result of the election will be of little significance, one way or the other.

There is a tradition that a presidential election year is bad for business. This tradition is a hangover from the period when there was a close relation between politics and prosperity. The vital features of that relation have disappeared, but the tradition more or less survives.

According to this tradition, the proper business attitude in election years is one of hesitation and caution; of watchful waiting. But when the business situation is as clearly defined as it is now, this attitude is unnecessary and foolish. If it is adopted generally, with the result of a business depression, then such a recession will be purely artificial.

The 1924 campaign should have taught business men a lesson. The violent business reaction that occurred for several months during that year was purely psychological. It was the result of political propaganda, appealing to the fear of radicalism. Specifically, it was the fear that La Follette would be elected President. Yet every business man should have known that La Follette didn't have the ghost of a chance.

I have a chart of the average of gen-

eral business conditions since 1880. The downward fluctuations in business have been almost as frequent, and almost as serious, in the "off years" as in the campaign periods!

Taking the entire period from 1880, there has not been an election year—unless it was 1924—when there was less reason than there is now for business to be affected by the political campaign.

We have had election years marked by serious business reactions. In a few cases, this panic was related to the political issues. In others there was no connection whatever. The panic, or depression, merely *happened* to come in an election year.

Up to 1904, every presidential campaign was approached with fear and trembling; and for a good reason. Until that time, our fiscal system had not been definitely established on a "sound money" basis. Every campaign held the threat of danger to business credit.

The panics of the past were essentially money panics, due to the lack of a flexible supply of money and credit. Agriculture was then our chief source of wealth. The needs for money which resulted from good crops could not always be met, and trouble followed when business men could not secure from the banks the loans they needed.

Moreover, there were constantly recurring money scares of another sort. All kinds of fiat-money schemes were loudly preached: the Greenback movement, the Free-Silver campaign. The Republican Party was for "sound money," but no one knew, until 1904, what the Democratic Party might do if they came into power. In that year the Party renounced the Free Silver

issue, and the divorce between politics and business began to be established.

With the coming of the Federal Reserve Banking System in 1914, that divorce became still more definite. Our present fiscal arrangements make it practically impossible for us to have a genuine money panic. The fear of unsound changes in our currency, which was once responsible for serious business depressions in election years, *has simply ceased to exist.*

In 1908, we had had another depression. This was partly due to the fact that we were then in the heyday of the "trust-busting" period. There was fear of radicalism, too. Also, these election-year reactions were a *habit* with us; and habits are hard to break.

In 1912, the business recession was very slight and recovery promptly followed. This was also true of the 1916 campaign. The recession probably was purely psychological; for, because of the fortuitous circumstances of the war, we were sure to have prosperity, no matter who was elected President. The depression which began during 1920, the next election year, was simply the commencement of the inevitable post-war deflation. *It was independent of politics.*

Even in past election years there has been no general rule about business being good or bad. In six of the 12 election years since 1880 it was distinctly above normal. In five it was below normal; and in one it was about evenly divided.

In 1924, I printed an interesting fact in regard to business prosperity. During the preceding 40 years, there had been 24 years of Republican administration and 16 years of Democratic régime. Under Republican rule, 55 percent of the months were characterized by business prosperity and 45 percent of them by business depression. Under Democratic rule the relative percentages were exactly the same.

We now have had four more years of Republican rule. But there is no way of proving that they would have been materially different, so far as business is concerned, if the Democratic Party had been in power. The point is this: Economic conditions were such that they almost inevitably brought prosperity. When that is the situation we shall be prosperous anyway, unless the party in power willfully and recklessly attempts to prevent it; which is almost inconceivable.

There is only one conclusion: To a degree which seemed impossible 25 years ago, business and finance have become emancipated from politics. Their fluctuations are almost entirely due to factors within their own fields and largely under their own control.

Of course, the divorce between politics and business never will be absolute. Nor will we ever reach a time when business will not have to adapt itself to new laws and regulations. But in most cases experience has proved that, after a period of necessary adjustments, these innovations have been a help to legitimate business.

On fundamental economic questions, both of our leading parties are, I believe, better informed and better intentioned than ever before. Neither party has any desire to interfere with honest business.

The business recession last year had nothing whatever to do with politics, and there is no present political factor which should be permitted to disturb business conditions *this* year.

In driving a motor car, what do we consider? The car, the road, and the traffic. We are not influenced by what is happening somewhere else. That is precisely what business men should do. They should understand their own equipment, the course of business, and the traffic they must meet. In other words, they should realize that business is business; not politics.



Diet Your Mind Too

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (June, '28)

Margaret Culkin Banning

IT may be only the working of the law of compensation that as soon as the dining table ceases to groan the library table begins, and that greed, denied to the body, seeks its new outlet in the mind. Certainly an outlet for gluttony has been found. It may be a pleasanter world to look at since it is somewhat less of chin and thigh and stomach. But it is not, on the whole, a pleasanter world to listen to. For everywhere now are the fat minds, the over-weight intelligences that function so badly and confusedly, puff and sigh at any bit of uphill thinking, and yet keep on stuffing and stuffing themselves, with that false appetite which indulgence stimulates.

There has been no general criticism or fear of this condition. Popular psychology, on the other hand, has been sympathetic with it. The great mental shame of the past few years has been "narrowness" and its running mate has been to be "uninformed." It hardly mattered whether one broadened into distortion or what information was picked up, just so there was plenty of it. A great and alarming variety of knowledge has been made available. Gluttony, either mental or physical, is possible only in the midst of abundance, and never have there been such opportunities for filling the mind to repletion.

The tremendous literacy of this country, spread so wide and so very thin, has built up almost overnight both a vast clientele for knowledge and a great deal of machinery for its distribution. The terrific, driving daily press, legitimate and tabloid, not only creating news but creating opinions by the million, comes first in importance.

Other publications, the periodicals of all types, make another large group of machines for distributing knowledge. Books follow, thousands upon thousands, in such a liaison with publicity now that it is possible to taunt a million church-goers with *Elmer Gantry* overnight, or make bywords of a blonde or a green hat. There are motion pictures and the radio. There are uncounted lectures and lecturers, healers and philosophers, each with his little hand-operated machine for grinding out facts or theories.

As physical fatness began to creep over a nation which no longer sawed wood or did its own washing, we began to adjust our bodies to the world they lived in. The word "fit" crept into common use, and the nation became conscious of its surplus flesh and flabby muscles. This condition was taken quite seriously. Newspapers, magazines, books, radios, music machines, all took up the matter of keeping the body healthy. Gradually, out of the chaos of advice, one idea became dominant—which was that control of the appetites and physical exercise are the true methods of keeping fit. Bedrooms became gymnasiums, and spinach grew popular. Thousands of men walked to work or played golf, and fashionable luncheons became frugal.

But while the hullabaloo went on, no one thought much about the mind. It rapidly became unfashionable to stuff the body, but it remained very much in fashion to stuff the mind. It is curious that fitness of body should have become almost a religion and that the same principles of restraint and control should be so ignored in regard to the intelli-

gence. Perhaps it is because no one thinks of a mind as showing its shapelessness. But it does. Every conversation, every attempt at thinking shows it for what it is, or has become, reveals either fine and disciplined proportions or the lack of them.

The overweight mind has all the usual defects of its condition. It cannot sustain action or exercise. It often gets sleepy and cross, does not want to hear any more or see any more of anything, dozes off in apathy, and wakes up feeling sure that it wants more to eat. It has lost the habit of resistance. Sugar, of course, generates a hunger for sugar. So does sex, even mental sex, and most of the fat minds have far too much literary sex in them for health. But they cannot resist the next highly spiced book placed upon the library table. Sex vitiates the natural appetite for life and it creates a taste which only more of itself can satisfy.

There is just one way to get fat, and that is by taking more food into the body than is needed for its maintenance and growth. If the mind takes in more than it needs for upkeep and development apparently the same thing happens, and thousands upon thousands of people are consuming far too many facts and too many opinions.

If the principles of control of appetite and of exercise do not reach the mind soon, we shall have not only a great many ill-shaped minds and many lazy ones, but a shocking number which are really in poor health. There are more than a few now in everyone's acquaintance. The dangerous symptoms are obvious.

Usually the discomfort of the fat minds shows in their discontent, their eagerness to discard the old idea for the new one. They want to feel satisfied and, since they cannot feel satisfied, they keep on stuffing themselves. Mental exercise becomes more and more im-

possible with the mere weight of the facts they have to carry around, and soon they stop thinking for themselves. They are sluggish and often depressed.

All the great thinking of the world is, and has been, done by those who keep themselves on a mental diet. Great athletes, great fighters have never applied the principles of control or restraint more strictly than have great thinkers.

Enough new ideas to keep the mind alert are essential. But if there are too many the mind ceases to be alert and soon becomes sluggish. It simply collects new ideas and does nothing with them. They go into fat.

In any form of diet the question always is when to begin and how much to cut down, and the answer is to begin at once and to cut down gradually but consistently until the proper normal weight is attained. Each person must figure out his diet for himself according to his age, his mental habits, and his natural interests.

There is also the matter of exercise. If we want to go to a place we can either be taken there by machinery or we can walk to our destination and thereby keep our bodies in condition. If we want to arrive at a mental conclusion we can either get someone else, in print or person, to take us there, or we can think the matter through for ourselves, stretching every mental muscle as only hard thinking will do. It is tiresome in the beginning. It is laborious, and the unused mind will ache sadly for a time.

But after a while, when you begin to feel lighter in your mind, it is worth it. You find your mind working faster, feeling younger. That sensation is entirely worth the severe discipline. It means, in the end, the possession of a mind which is not "afraid to go home and think," a mind so lithe that it can bend over and touch its toes twenty times without stopping.



Recent Gains in Industry

Condensed from *The World Tomorrow* (March, '28)

Stuart Chase

THE first great gain which we have to record for American industry is the constantly increasing stream of goods, which has grown consistently faster than the population has been growing. As a result, there is more to go round than there used to be, real wages have definitely increased, and the American standard of living has gone up. A considerable share of the new river of production is flowing in the direction of the average man. If he is a farmer, a textile worker, or a bituminous coal miner, he has not received much of it, but if he is an automobile worker, a building trades employe, a salesman, or connected with many other occupations, he has more comforts and luxuries than he had ten years ago.

How much happier these things have made him is, of course, another question. For the middle classes generally, they have operated to intensify the struggle of keeping up with the Joneses—aided by skillful advertising. What part of the increased volume of goods, which we undoubtedly get, is composed of really useful and satisfying products, and how much is artfully sold junk to titivate the essential monkey in us, remains an open question. Yet the stubborn fact remains that the American standard of living has gone up, and the pressure of stark economic necessity has been appreciably relieved. Two-thirds of all American families still live in relative poverty, and slums continue to flourish, but the wolf is back of the garage instead of at the kitchen door.

A second major gain is the fact that coincident with an increase in industrial output, hours of labor are steadily

tending downward. Eight hours is now the almost universal rule in industry, and some manufacturers are operating upon a five-day week. The right of the working man to a certain amount of leisure has come to be an accepted principle, and the gain in social welfare is undeniable.

Thirdly, we have to note certain ameliorating trends in the status of women and children in industry. Child labor is steadily declining—though it is still needlessly common. Meanwhile women are going out of hard manual agricultural work and factory work, where biologically they do not belong, and entering clerical and light manufacturing positions which are far better adapted to their basic needs. Census reports give clear proof of this significant shift in occupations.

There has been, in the fourth place, a marked improvement in working conditions inside of factories and a wide extension of welfare work in connection with industrial plants. Factories are being built with more windows, with better lighting facilities, with benches and seats more adapted to human beings, with safety guards on dangerous machinery, with ventilating systems, temperature controls, and better sanitary and toilet equipment. Like the reduction of hours, these measures have been brought about because they promote efficiency and pay dividends. But whatever the motives behind them, they have brought more light, air, cleanliness and comfort. This is a real gain from the human standpoint.

In the fifth place we have to record a number of improvements in the technical operation of industry which reduce

waste and loss. There is, for instance, a growing tendency to promote members of the managing staff on the basis of merit and ability rather than from seniority and pull. There is sound work being done in adjusting jobs to workers, following biological and psychological studies in rhythm, muscular coördination, the chemistry of fatigue. There is less trade secrecy and more exchange of technical information. There is a far greater readiness to scrap obsolete plants and machinery. There is more pre-planning, budgeting, and cost control in industry, and these things tend to reduce costs and prices and so find their way into the family budget.

In addition to these tangible benefits, we may record a group of phenomena which might be called potential gains. The group is made up of certain theories which the world of business and industry is just beginning to experiment with, and which have, in theory at least, much to commend them.

The first item is more than a theory. The Federal Reserve System is in actual operation. Whether it is sufficiently powerful to break the downward swing of the business cycle, and so banish severe depressions with their ghastly aftermath of human misery, has not yet been fully tested. But it seems to have a good fighting chance of checking business panics. It is an attempt to force a certain amount of national coördination into the anarchy of business. It is a warning to the speculator and the profiteer that the needs of industry come first.

There is a new phrase abroad: "The economy of high wages." Some industrial leaders believe that this points the way to securing the full benefits of the machine technique. Why is half our plant capacity always idle, on the average? According to the theory, because not enough purchasing power is released in the form of wages to buy back the goods which the machines are capable of producing. Therefore

build up purchasing power; keep wages high, and move them higher with every increase in productive efficiency. This will provide the buying power to stimulate sales, keep turn-over at a maximum, lower overhead costs, maintain profits, and so force the whole industrial structure to function steadily and efficiently. A handful of manufacturers are honestly trying to practice this strange—to a Victorian, almost blasphemous—theory.

Finally, we have to chronicle the tendency of big enterprise to socialize itself. A point arrives in the growth of a big institution—particularly a railway or a public utility enterprise—at which shareholders are almost entirely dissociated from the management, with the result that the direct personal interest of the latter in the making of great profit becomes quite secondary. The shareholders must be satisfied with conventionally adequate dividends; but once this is secured, the direct interest of the management often consists in avoiding criticism from the public and from the customers of the concern.

With the drift toward greater and greater combinations run by salaried managers who have no direct interest in profits, and with the decline of the old captain of industry, running his own business in his own way, there comes a fleeting picture of a series of gigantic trusts no longer rapacious for profits; bigger, yet weaker vessels, ripe for public regulation—perhaps even for public ownership.

Every element of gain, actual or potential, which has been mentioned, save the last, is largely dependent upon the business cycle for its maintenance. In prosperous years, the psychology of improvement, of tolerance, of generosity is given free play. In years of depression, these gains hang poised on the brink of destruction. But the honest student, no matter how radical, must admit that these gains are provable facts today.



The Farmer Hires a Salesman

Condensed from The American Review of Reviews (June, '28)

Earl Reeves

A MOST amazing thing is happening in America—something that touches your pocketbook, the food you eat, the clothes you wear.

One body of organized farmers today pay out \$100,000 a year for six hired hands—each an expert who knows how to sell advantageously not on one, but on 365 days of the year. Since the beginning of time, farmers have been thinking of selling on about one day a year.

Into the office, in Kentucky, of such a man, a tobacco farmer walked one day. "I just want to have a good look at a \$24,000-a-year grafter. I just want to see what he looks like; that is all," the farmer drawled.

James Stone was the "grafter." "Now wait a minute," said Stone. "How much tobacco did you grow this year?" The man told him. Stone made a calculation. "What would you be willing to pay me if I could show you how to make, say, \$400? Would you pay me \$50?" The farmer thought maybe that would be fair.

"Now look at this," said Stone. "Before you joined us you got 11 cents a pound for your crop. By our marketing methods we are getting you 19½ cents this year. That has increased your income by \$450. And your share of my salary is exactly 13 cents."

Corporations figure things out that way. But a new day has come when farmers play the game on that basis. The coöperating farmers "captured" Stone because he was a very competent dealer, with a flourishing business; and they paid what they had to pay to get him. It was little. In the last report of the association appears this sentence:

"Up to May 1 a total of \$144,776,498 had been paid to member growers." Considering the volume of business this "24,000-a-year grafter" manages for tobacco growers of Kentucky and of parts of adjoining states, he is cheap at the price.

Who ever heard of a farmer borrowing a million dollars? Yet Carl Williams of Oklahoma, a farm owner and organizer of a farmers' coöperative marketing association, was recently asked by a famous Wall Street banker how much money he would need this year. "Oh, probably a hundred millions," said Williams, and added, "How much can you let us have?"

"We can form a syndicate and let you have it all," the banker replied.

Williams chuckled. "That is just what you will not do. We will not take all our eggs from one basket. Our various State organizations will borrow separately from different banks in their own localities. You can have whatever additional loans are required."

Actually, it developed that the American Cotton Growers' Exchange, of which Williams was president, needed to borrow but 50 millions. The significant part of the story is this: The farmer has a new hired hand. He is learning to hire brains in the open market as does any industrial corporation.

The farmer who was once "the man with a hoe"; who later borrowed a trick from industry, turning the soil with power-engines; and who now has snatched sheets from the business-man's ledger, has organized 12,000 coöperative sales companies. These concerns last year sold us two billion, four hundred million dollars' worth of farm produce.

The movement is not restricted to any one or two localities. Judged by sales volume, the coöperative associations of Minnesota stand first, those of California second, Illinois third, and Iowa fourth.

In practice the coöperative failed all over America until it began to succeed in California a generation back. From there it has marched eastward. Its greatest strides have been made in the last two or three years. King Cotton "organized" only five years ago. The Burley Tobacco organization also is a five-year-old.

Here are the figures showing just how much the farmer's new man sells in a year of this or that:

Grain.....	\$750,000,000
Dairy Products.....	535,000,000
Livestock.....	320,000,000
Fruits and	
Vegetables.....	280,000,000
Cotton.....	150,000,000
Tobacco.....	90,000,000

If the farmer sells below a fair price, those of us who are consumers gain no advantage from his loss. Farmers have generally had to rush their crops to market as soon as harvested, because of their acute need for money. This "distress selling" gets the farmer a distressingly low price. Speculators step in and buy what the farmer must sell, and they hold it until we of the cities must buy. The coöperative aims to eliminate some of these gentlemen.

How? The only way is to go into business on a gigantic scale. And the farmer is going into business on a gigantic scale, and he is succeeding. Sen. Arthur Capper of Kansas tells what this means to American farmers:

"Seven and a half billion dollars is about the sum the American farmer collects for the products of the farm. The consumer pays 22½ billions for these same products. Nineteen million

people are trafficking in the products raised by 35 million farmers. They get two dollars for every dollar the farmer receives. It costs 15 billion dollars to get the 7½ billion dollars' worth of farm produce to our tables."

The farmer gets less than 35 cents out of your provisions dollar. But if you lived in Denmark he would get 80 cents, since agriculture in Denmark is almost entirely coöperative so far as marketing is concerned. And when you have lived abroad, as I have, you come to the conclusion that this little, insignificant country of Denmark must furnish nearly all the dairy products and about half the bacon used in Europe. From which it may be argued that this business of teaching farmers to think like business men has its effect on volume of production as well as upon cash return for things produced.

We too are on our way. In the United States there are about seven million farms. Already the coöperatives have 2,700,000 members. This figure has more than doubled in two years. Some allowance must be made for duplication in membership; but it would appear that nearly one-third of the farms of the United States already are selling through coöperative marketing agencies.

As to States, the leaders in membership are: Kentucky, 200,000; Iowa, 160,000; Missouri, 160,000; North Carolina, 140,000; Minnesota, 130,000; Illinois, 120,000; Ohio, 110,000; Michigan, 100,000; Wisconsin, 100,000; New York, 95,000; Kansas, 80,000; Indiana, 75,000; Nebraska, 70,000; California, 70,000.

The old-fashioned farm killed off a wife or two by sheer drudgery, and was apt to make the husband a broken old man at 50. Machinery has lifted the physical load somewhat these last few years. But the load upon the spirit was as heavy as ever. Through coöperation, say the prophets of the new order, the farmer will come into his own.



Knowing Our College Students

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine (June, '28)

Raymond Walters, Dean of Swarthmore College

TO regain the old-time intimate touch with its students, Princeton, in 1905, began a preceptorial system somewhat after the Oxford tutorial method, providing preceptors who should meet small groups and thus come to know the undergraduate and to direct his intellectual advance in a degree impossible with large classes. The aim was "to give undergraduates their proper release from being schoolboys . . . by putting them in the way of doing their own reading instead of getting up lectures or lessons."

The Swarthmore honors courses, started in 1922, aim "to give better students greater independence in their work, and to avoid the spoon-feeding which makes much of our college instruction of secondary school character." Freshmen and sophomores who show ability, initiative, and industry, are admitted to read for honors in any of ten definite fields of knowledge. It is open to them to attend as many or as few regular classes of the college as they choose. A large part of their work is done by independent reading, guided by instructors. Groups of five or six students meet with one or two instructors several times a week in sessions of two hours each or longer, discussing the reading of the week, with critical comment from instructors and students. The test of the whole process comes at the end of two years in a series of examinations, including an oral examination, upon the basis of which students are graduated with varying honors.

At Harvard, under the general-examination system, the student selects his field of concentration at the end of his freshman year and is then assigned

to a tutor who is thereafter his adviser in all his work. The object of these weekly conferences "is to help the student to work out for himself the subjects that he is studying; the process is Socratic and not didactic." The aim is "the mastery of some subject as a whole, to be acquired as far as possible by the student's own work."

Our educational program must provide for what Dr. Abraham Flexner terms "exceptional care and opportunity for the unusual—the unusual in respect to ability, industry, or both." "We are educating more students up to a fair average than any country in the world," says President Aydelotte, "but we are wastefully allowing the capacity of the average to prevent us from bringing the best up to the standards they could reach." Reports show strong support of the tutorial, preceptorial, and honors plans where they are in effect.

Personal contact is assured in the new college started this year at the University of Wisconsin; the enrolment is limited to 250 freshmen and sophomores, who will take their last two years in regular university courses. The student-council committee at Harvard recently suggested that the large college be subdivided into small colleges, each with its own dormitories, common room, and dining-hall. Meikeljohn's freshman-sophomore college at Wisconsin is the first definite trial of such subdivision. The Pomona-Scripps colleges in California furnish an American example of how a small college may grow, not by enlargement of the main unit, but by adding other units after the English college-university form of organization.

Special guidance of able students is now provided at the University of Iowa, where professors volunteer as counsellors for the freshmen who rank in the highest ten percent of the class in the placement examination.

That personnel procedure is no mere fad is attested by its introduction, in varying forms, at such ancient institutions as Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Brown, and Cornell. Columbia has done wonders in maintaining a human touch with its men, as has Barnard with its girls. In aiming to know its students the University of Chicago has a freshman program and a plan for placing every undergraduate "in the hands of his own department as soon as possible." The University of Minnesota provides eight divisions for "the general supervision of student life," ranging from supervision of classroom accomplishment to a watchful eye on fraternities and sororities.

At Smith the personnel staff has interviews with all freshmen, as well as many upper-class girls, helping them in adjustments to college life and study and in choosing their later occupations. In addition to scholastic guidance, the personnel system of Vassar provides four full-time physicians, a consultant on mental hygiene, an expert in psychological tests, and a director of eugenics who "advises students on such studies as will assist in the problem of right living relations." In varying degree personnel help is afforded at Wellesley, Mount Holyoke, Radcliffe, Bryn Mawr, Goucher, and Sweet Briar.

To meet the three major causes of freshman mortality is a part of the problem of the universities which seek to know their students. They are attempting to improve scholarship by selective admission, by sectioning classes according to ability, by better methods of teaching, by guidance of faculty and personnel advisers. They are aiding financially needy students by scholarships, loan funds, and spare-time

work. They are attending to health conditions, with programs for individual and group hygiene.

Now, at more than 100 institutions, the faculties greet the freshmen three to five days before the opening of the fall term. The program is planned "to introduce the new students to the university, to help them in adjusting themselves to their work, and to make them acquainted with some of their instructors." Placement tests may be given to show strong or weak points in scholarship, or to suggest vocational aptitudes. Service is today extended along these lines to placement officers of colleges by the Psychological Corporation, the Personnel Research Foundation, and the National Committee of Bureaus and Occupations.

Supplementing individual activity there is now a cooperative movement for personnel work under the auspices of the American Council on Education, in which 14 universities are sharing. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., recently granted to the Council \$20,000 a year for three years, "to inform the colleges and universities concerning the best methods of personnel." Smaller colleges are keeping in touch with developments in personnel study through a commission of the Association of American Colleges. Yale University has recently received \$300,000 for a department of personnel study. In addition to the usual personnel functions the department proposes to gather occupational data, to examine "interest analyses of students as of possible significance in their choice of courses and careers," and to investigate the records of graduates in various careers.

To sum up, then, it may be said that these new methods of knowing our college students show that American educators are thoughtfully attacking the problem of large enrolments. These procedures of personnel administration, of tutorial and honors plans, constitute, because of the spirit behind them, an augury of social and intellectual progress for America in the decades to come.

Taming the Mississippi

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly (June, '28)

Myron M. Stearns

THE Mississippi River is the greatest challenge of Nature that science has ever accepted. Can science win? How are hundreds of square miles of rushing flood waters in a flat, densely populated plain to be controlled?

This flood problem is not, as many suppose, the result of man's interfering with Nature. Mississippi floods occurred before man appeared. In 1543, according to the Spanish historian La Vega, when the flood took 40 days to reach its height, only the tallest trees were visible for 20 leagues on either side of the river. The greatest flood, according to tradition, was in 1785. The greatest of which there is definite record was in 1844, when the water at Cairo was two feet higher than last year, and spread over the whole vast valley.

Prof. Alfred C. Lane, of Tufts College, is an authority on flood control. "Why does the Mississippi make so much trouble?" I asked him.

"The explanation is not difficult," he said. "Geologically, the Mississippi valley is new land. It is still rising from the bottom of the sea. In 10 years it may rise an inch; in 100, a foot or two. The theory is that the earth's crust in that whole region was depressed by the tremendous weight of ice in the glacial period and is now gradually springing back into place. Thus the lower valley, instead of being a true delta, made wholly by mud deposited by the river itself, is a plain raised by great natural forces across what once was the river's mouth.

"You can see today, 500 miles inland, sand dunes that were originally on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico. The lower

Mississippi valley is slowly being tipped upward. To make it worse, a lot of the silt dug from the channel has never been carried out to sea. It has merely been piled on the land near the banks in countless overflows. So the *middle* of the valley, where the river itself twists down, is now actually higher than the land at the *sides* of the valley.

"Thus it happens that hundreds of thousands of houses are 10 to 30 feet lower than the river itself. From the edges of the river, the land slopes away downward, 15 or 20 feet in five miles, until you come to smaller rivers at levels lower than the Mississippi, and more or less parallel to it. To all intents the river is flowing along a low ridge in the middle of a flat plain!

"Last year was unprecedented for storms and floods all over the world. But nowhere is the flood control problem greater than in the Mississippi valley, with its thousands on thousands of square miles of fertile farm land, where more than a million and a half people live in homes below the level of the river. Through science, those homes will soon be safe!

"The Mississippi levees have gradually been extended until they now form a set of parallel banks long enough to reach from New York to Chicago. They have cost, so far, over \$250,000,000. The flood last year showed their inadequacy. Every few years, after more millions have raised the levees higher, a new flood overflows them. A rivulet soon becomes a torrent. Great dikes crumble. Only the tops of trees can be seen for miles above the flood!

"One misconception of the problem is that a deeper channel should be dredged.

It's true that the channel gradually silts up, during low water, when the current is slow. What people don't know is that each time the speed of a current doubles, its lifting power multiplies *sixty-four* times. If water traveling at three miles an hour can lift or roll along a stone an inch in diameter, then by the time the current is rushing at 12 miles an hour, it can roll a rock more than a foot through. In times of flood a river like the Mississippi dredges out its own channel. For every rise of a foot in the river, there is another foot added at the bottom of the channel until bedrock is reached.

"Near Kansas City there is a place where the Missouri is 20 feet deep. The bottom usually is another 40 feet above bedrock. In flood times when the river reaches a 40-foot stage, all the mud in the channel is dredged out so that the stream is 100 feet deep.

"In addition to levees, the 1927 flood showed the necessity of spillways and floodways. To safeguard New Orleans, the levee was dynamited and a great area below the city inundated. That, with modifications, is the idea of a spillway. When the river reaches a certain stage, safety can be secured only by providing some outlet for the extra water. Clearly, it is better to provide an outlet at some given point than to let the river make its own break at some unexpected spot. Spillways here and there along the levees will take a share of the flood water—just as with reservoirs and dams—and prevent the river from rising so as to endanger lives.

"Channels must of course be provided for this flood water from spillways, so that it can reach the sea. That is where floodways come in. The lowlands at the sides of the Mississippi valley form natural watercourses. By utilizing rivers and streams already in existence, cutting occasional channels here and building new levees there, floodways can be provided that will parallel the Mississippi, taking some of

the surplus water from the spillways safely down to the sea.

"Plans for great reservoirs sound to me pretty impractical. Suppose there is an extra two inches of rain in Minnesota, the Dakotas, and Iowa. To take care of even that much additional water would mean a reservoir as big as Connecticut, with water eight feet deep.

"Certain areas, however, might be made 'emergency districts' to accommodate flood waters. They could be farmed during years of low water, but they would have to be cleared of permanent homes and all resident population. People forced to move might be compensated by state or nation.

"Another new type of reservoir could be created where the main tributaries join the Mississippi. The angles between the two streams could be allowed to overflow, making a series of triangle-shaped flood reservoirs.

"But I have left the most important thing of all until the last. Levees, spillways, floodways, and emergency reservoirs could all be rendered useless by a really great flood such as that of 1785. Eventually, the flood water must be controlled at its source. It is a simple thing to do, but it will take time and money. The money, however, will prove a good investment and pay real dividends, quite aside from the saving in flood damage. Power reservoirs are the final answer to the Mississippi floods.

"In the future, Mississippi valley floods will be prevented by the control of a sufficient amount of flood water in power reservoirs far up along the tributaries. Each reservoir will have an emergency capacity which cannot be filled except as a flood control measure. Then in times of flood water can be held back from the Mississippi through a dozen states. The water held back may be worth for power the extra cost of the emergency dams of the reservoirs. Those dams—hundreds of them—are the real answer. In the meantime, the other measures will give partial relief."



What Do They Get Out of It?

Condensed from The Century Magazine (June, '28)

Walter B. Pitkin

I HAVE been listening to a woman who makes more than \$200,000 a year selling platitudes and bunk. How does she do it? What kind of folk are they who crowd at the box office to pay her money? What do they get out of it? I wanted to know, so when "one grand and glorious series of lectures" was announced, I fell in line with the faithful and went 12 times.

I found myself in a community of men and women who live, move, and have their being in what they call psychology, metaphysics and occultism. The new Sage heralded herself as the Emancipator of Struggling Souls. (And there were plenty of souls struggling to get front seats.) A steady stream flowed in. What flotsam and jetsam! Mostly middle-aged mediocrity with a fringe of nobodies and the very old.

A thin little woman with ashen hair and pale eyes squeezed in beside me. "Oh I'm so glad she's come—I need her so much!" she murmured and forthwith gave her undivided attention to a pamphlet neatly lettered "Mental Analysis." They waited patiently. Gray faces lined by worries, troubled by fears, sad, disappointed, discontented, reflecting the drabness of daily existence in shop, factory and flat. The down and out and the sick, Jews, Gentiles, New Thought followers, Old Thought followers and mostly No Thought at all. Struggling Souls!

Out on the platform stepped the Goddess of Great Desires, radiant in a scintillating purple gown. All the buzzing and fussing stopped. Her worshippers took a deep breath and leaned forward expectantly.

"Well, how are you tonight, folks?"

Her smile flashed brightly through their weariness. They responded lustily—in chorus as they had been taught to do—"Fine and dandy! Why shouldn't I be?"

And then the magic began.

"Well, folks, what do you want most in the world? Who most do you want to be like? Do you want to ride in your own Rolls-Royce? Do you want to change the shape of your nose? Or earn a million dollars in the next four years? How about it, folks? Do you want to get that job? Win that man? Live for 300 years?"

"Listen to me! If you belong to the thinking element of this community—and you would not be here if you did not—I have three promises for you! First, if you are sick, you can be well! Second, if you are unhappy, you can be happy! And last, if you are a failure, you can be a success!"

A great sigh went through the hall.

"What things others have done you can do—and greater. Only believe! Mind reigns supreme! Intellect is on the throne! Mental analysis will save the world! Ninety-nine percent of your mental activity is in your subconscious mind, and that is millions of years old. It has access to all the powers, all the wisdom of the universe." She paused.

"But where can I find my subconscious mind?" inquired a timid anxious voice. His neighbors looked disgusted. Such stupidity!

The Emancipator replied slowly, weighing each word. "Your conscious mind is as an egg-shell. Your subconscious mind is as the egg inside."

"Thank you! I thank you!" The man sat down satisfied.

"All the power that ever has been is now!" the speaker continued, "and praise God, it's always now! Every day is a new day—tomorrow morning you start with a clean white sheet. The minute you quit thinking you're sick or a failure you will cease being sick or a failure."

Her vivid words whirl down upon them. You're down? What of it? Get up and do something! The harder you fall the higher you bounce!

"I'm so tired," a weary soul on my right spoke up. "I work hard from early to late. How can I get hold of this thing?" Their chains are heavy. Disease, debt, poverty, despair. Is there a ghost of a chance to do away with their suffering?

"You need be weary no more!" cries the Emancipator, arms uplifted. "The truth shall make you free! You are sleeping giants, slumbering geniuses!"

It was worth the money—many, many times over.

The sleeping giants want to know how to keep from losing their hair, their teeth, their husbands and their faith. The slumbering geniuses ask plaintively how to cure deafness and rupture, infected kidneys and goiter, pyorrhea and constipation—by psychology and metaphysics. She tells them. She is all for them. She comes to solve their problems, no matter what they may be! There is no such thing, she assures them, as an incurable disease. Even death is grandly set aside. "There is no need to disintegrate or deteriorate. You can immortalize the cells of your body and banish death!" Thunderous applause follows her promises.

What do they get out of it? Platitudes and bunk? Yes, dead platitudes, and awful bunk! Such bunk that the American Psychological Association, the Better Business Bureau and other eminent organizations denounce it as "fake psychology" and would like to suppress it legally. Yet these learned authorities do not ask "what do they get out of it?"

Let us look at the one who pays. He gets new courage to try again, the

strength to keep going, self-respect, enthusiasm, a conviction that the thing can be done. The Emancipator gives her followers a philosophy for life, jerks them out of their ruts, urges them to grapple with difficulties. She sprinkles star dust along their dull paths, gilds the inferiority of their lives. They cheerfully pay her their hard-earned dollars. Hundreds of thousands have taken her course in applied psychology, and only one ever asked to have the fee returned—"just to see if you'd do it," he said, as he handed it back.

They gather in eager, excited groups after the lecture to testify to her miracles. A neurotic individual with great dark circles under tearful eyes held forth. "I tell you I was done—health was gone and spirit gone—and nobody could help me. I heard her one night, and I says to myself, 'Annie, it's what you've been looking for.' So I hocked my watch to get the \$15. And I never regretted it. Would you believe it, the very next morning I got a check for \$700 from a man who had owed it to me for years. Mental suggestion—"

Some disciples vowed that they had been restored to health after years of invalidism; others had got jobs they wanted, had developed physically, had learned to get things by mental suggestion.

The personality of the pseudo-psychologist, aided with platitudes, acts on thousands of unfortunate souls as a cup of strong coffee might act on a tired body. Every follower is caught up in the "great intellectual movement" of the "thinking element." These are the people who cannot get up steam alone. They require something in the way of a whoop or a promise. Mere excitement lifts them to a higher and pleasanter level of emotion and accomplishment. In every age and every clime their kind has been hurt by the world and has sooner or later fled to some stronger spirit for help. They have been the mainstay of soothsayers, medicine-men and witch-doctors ever since time began. And so on until the end of time.

America Has Just Started!

Condensed from *The World's Work* (June, '28)

Henry Ford, as reported by Samuel Crowther

FAR from having overdeveloped the resources of this country, as it is sometimes said that we have done, we have scarcely begun their development. We have hardly scratched the surface of prosperity. Our prosperity will diminish only if we sit back in the false belief that we have already developed our country, or—worse still—imagine that we are developing it so quickly that nothing will be left for those who come after us.

Many sins have been committed in the name of conservation. True conservation involves the full use of natural resources. For the depletion that we practice upon the original store of wealth is always repairing itself. The earth never ceases making what we need and is prepared to fill future needs, of which we have now not the slightest knowledge. Therefore, the great word of life is "Use."

Some would say "Economy." But economy is usually only a reaction from extravagance. Economy is the rule of half-alive minds. It is better than waste, but it is not so good as use. Indeed, there are two kinds of waste: that of the prodigal who throws his substance away in riotous living, and that of the sluggard who allows his substance to rot from non-use. In the precious things of life the strict economizer may be classed with the sluggard.

The fearful are forever predicting shortages of this or that essential commodity—but the shortages never appear according to schedule. Every so often we are told that the supply of petroleum can last only a very few years. The soil, it is predicted, will lose its fertility in the course of the years, and we shall die of starvation. Is it not more to the

point to expect that, whenever a shortage in any commodity develops, a new and better substitute will be found for it? The country already has so many substitutes for wood, for instance, that the lumbermen are worried lest the public get too far away from the use of wood. The far future is going to care for itself, and the best that we can do is to plan for today and the near future.

The present era of comparative prosperity (for a much greater is in store) coincides with the development of automotive transport. This has developed many millions of mobile horse power, and this, in turn, has caused a start toward rebuilding the country. It is responsible for the making over of thousands of miles of roads and for the building of thousands of new sections adjacent to cities. It has spread out the cities, but it has also brought the farm closer to the town.

To continue this development we undoubtedly need more railroads and a very large extension of our public roads for automobiles and trucks. The railroads and the trucks are not competitors—as was at first imagined. Each in its sphere feeds the other. The airplane will also have its share in future transportation. But what we particularly need is provision for the cheap transport of heavy, bulky freight that does not have to get anywhere in a great hurry, such as grain.

A waterway gives the cheapest facility for heavy transport. We have an abundance of such waterways. Developing them for transportation brings benefits in many directions. *First*, the dams and reservoirs required to give a steady depth of water for navigation fit

in perfectly with the generation of power by electricity. *Second*, the rush of waters that causes a flood can be taken advantage of to provide an even flow in times of drought. *Third*, the massing of big bodies of water helps the rainfall and also provides for irrigation.

The country already has before it a number of these projects, all of which have been hanging for years because they require a clearing of the way by the Federal Government in coöperation with the state governments. A few of them on which engineering opinion is practically agreed should be undertaken at once. Their cost is not important. We have the money. And from a national standpoint they should not be looked at in terms of dollars spent but rather in terms of dollars circulated. For these projects alone ought to start enough money into circulation to give employment to any who will work. And I confidently believe that the building of these projects—extending as they must over a number of years—will not only prevent unemployment during the period of building, but that the wealth they will create and liberate when done will step up the whole country to a new level of prosperity.

For they will not only add directly to production by the provision of power, but they will further spread out industry and bring more people into it, thus relieving the undoubted over-population of the farms. They will provide cheap transport for grains and cotton and other bulky products, and will enable all farming to be done on a greater scale. The trend in farms must be for greater units, where extensive machinery can be used to advantage, and only transportation can make these great units. The moment that it can be demonstrated that the production on the farm can approach the production of the factory, the money will not be lacking to organize the big farming companies, which can pay in wages much higher returns than all but the best farmers are now able to earn. That has been the progress of industry and it will be the progress of farming.

An element which serves to delay the

beginning of these great public projects is the belief that public resources should be retained by the government and operated by the government. Yet it is a demonstrated fact that private ownership can earn a satisfactory profit in any form of enterprise charging prices or rates that under government operation would result in a loss. Government operation is bound to be wasteful, because men working under the government and subject to frequent partisan investigations are more interested in avoiding the doing of anything that might be criticized than in getting ahead. Indeed—regardless of salary—it is almost out of the question for a government to engage the best managerial brains. The best brains will always care more for the work than for the job, but in the government, the thing is to retain the job.

But there lurks in the minds of many that it is wrong to allow individuals to profit through the development of national, natural resources. To my mind that is not the logical approach. Which is the more important: what the man gets, or what the public gets? Put it another way. Does anyone buy a motor car solely because the makers of it earn no money?

The great duty of the government in public and other works is to make the way easy for the public to gain benefits. It is not equipped to make prosperity, but it is equipped to make prosperity possible—just as it is equipped to make prosperity impossible. All that is required is a new understanding of modern requirements.

The new time is pushing up under the old, like a new leaf pushing the old one off the stem. The men who are to build up a new prosperity are here. That is the fact upon which the mind of the people may rest in utmost assurance—the men are here. They are here in sufficient wisdom, honesty, and courage to meet all our problems. If only the petty political obstacles be brushed aside we can go forward in our great national development—which means so much for every one of us.

Men Who Defy Lightning

Condensed from the Scientific American (June '28)

Irving Brant

THE men in forest lookout houses are exposed to greater danger from lightning than is any other class of workers. There is scarcely a lookout house in the far west that has not been struck, and many of them struck again and again, with heavy property damage. An observation tower on Mt. Hood was struck three times in one night. The superstition that lightning never strikes twice in the same place is thus refuted. The Forest Service also has records of individual trees which have been struck seven or eight times.

A bolt of lightning struck the station on Canjilon Mountain, New Mexico, entering the house by way of the stove pipe. The leg of Victor Ortego, lookout man, was severely burned. While his wife dressed the wound a second bolt struck the house, killed Ortego, knocked Mrs. Ortego down and killed a dog.

Three days later, the Mangas Mountain station in New Mexico was struck, killing the lookout, Willis Ditmore. Paul Blickensderfer, lookout man at South Baldy Mountain, Washington, gave up his bed one night to visiting forestry officers and slept on the floor. A bolt of lightning came down the stove pipe, killing Blickensderfer and badly shocking the other three men. Frank Armer, lookout on McFadden Peak, Arizona, is a cripple for life from having been struck by lightning. And this is but a partial list of casualties which occurred in two years among the handful of lookout men.

Lookout houses are struck by lightning for the same reason that the tallest tree is struck, or the isolated farmhouse, or the lone man in a field. The forest

fire lookout station by necessity is located on the topmost peak of a bare mountain. The long and distressing series of casualties, and the constant property damage, has stirred the Forest Service to work out a protective system which is proving its worth so thoroughly that it is to be extended to all lookout houses in the United States. It is expected to end the death list and stop the destruction of property.

This is the so-called "bird cage," a skeleton of steel cable encompassing the lookout house, and well grounded nearby. The lookout station is a building 12 feet square, surmounted by a tower six feet square, resembling a bird cage. From a post on top of the tower, four half-inch galvanized stranded cables run diagonally to the four corners of the tower roof, down to the main roof and to each corner of the house, then down the four corners of the house from roof to ground, and thence into a grounding place not more than 300 feet distant.

In addition, the building is completely encircled by four horizontal wire cables; one at the eaves of the tower, one at the base of the tower, a third at the eaves of the house, and a fourth along the ground. These are connected with the vertical cables, all together forming the conductor system.

The four vertical cables project six inches above the top of the tower post. Their ends, bent slightly apart, are frayed to present many collecting points for the electrical charge. Similar projections frayed in the same manner, project upwards from each corner of the tower roof and from each corner of the main roof. The projections, the vertical cables, and the horizontal cables are

clamped together at each corner with three-eighths-inch pipe straps, and are also clamped to the guy wires which protect the lookout houses against wind. The guy wires furnish additional metal for the absorption of heat generated by the lightning.

The conductor cables should be grounded in moist earth, but most lookout stations are on barren mountains. Hence, an artificial ground is prepared 125 feet from each corner of the building. A ten-foot pit is dug, or blasted, and 30 or 40 feet of the wire cable is rolled up, placed in the pit and covered with fine charcoal or coke, two sacks to each cable. This charcoal is saturated with water from time to time, and retains moisture for a long period.

Lookout men are advised to take additional precautions. The telephone is located as far as possible from any conductor, and during a storm the telephone wire is to be disconnected and removed to a distance of 20 feet from the building. Furniture should be non-metallic, and in general there should be as little metal inside the house as possible, and as much of it as possible outside. Kerosene stoves are recommended, because the lightning hazard is greatly increased by the smoke and hot air from a wood stove chimney. But if a stove is used, a galvanized roof jack is employed, and is bonded securely to the nearest conductor with four strands of heavy wire.

There must be a sufficient quantity of metal in the "bird cage" to absorb and dissipate the heat of the lightning without overheating the cables. Long ground wires would burn up before they could dissipate the load.

It is believed that to some extent there is a continuous discharge through the protective cables during electrical storms, and that this discharge, mostly through the points of cable on the building, tends to prevent, or at least to diminish, the intensity of a direct stroke.

The Mt. McLaughlin lookout station is protected by a "bird cage" which sometimes becomes virtually red hot during a thunderstorm. This house is located over basaltic lava. Because of magnetite in the lava, there appears to be a notable continuous discharge; and this may be an extreme illustration of a general phenomenon. C. H. Flory once saw a water pipe beside a lookout house become red hot during a storm, again suggesting a continuous discharge. J. F. G. Cone, on Mt. Pitt, Oregon, reports that he obtains continuous discharges with every storm which passes over his peak.

In the last two years several lookout houses with "bird cage" protection have been struck by lightning, but no damage to the buildings or injury to occupants has been reported. Although this protection meets the peculiar hazards of the forest lookout, it may be adapted by the general public. The lookout houses are only 12 feet square and require \$46 worth of material to protect them. An ordinary dwelling would require far more material if protected with equal intensiveness, although it would be far easier to make ground connections.

The Forest Service has determined that there is little difference in the conductivity of various kinds of trees during a storm, because the poorest conductor (a resinous tree with low moisture content) will have high conductivity the moment it is wet with rain. The same principle applies to a ground connection. No matter how well constructed, it is a poor ground unless the soil is wet.

The problem of safeguarding the lives of forest lookout men appears to have been solved. And that is an important step in solving the primary problem of lightning as a direct agent in causing forest fires. Out of all the fires which occurred in 1926 in the national forests, 3387, or 48 percent of the total, were caused by lightning.



The Sweating Brow of Genius

Excerpts from The Mentor

"**N**OTHING great and durable," said Thomas Moore, "has ever been produced with ease. Labor is the parent of all the lasting monuments of the world, whether in verse or in stone, in poetry or in pyramids."

The Irish bard, having erected a number of fairly durable monuments, may be considered an authority on the subject.

Virgil devoted seven years to the building of one of his "monuments," his "Georgics" comprising a little more than 2000 lines. Just words, yet destined to outlive the Pyramids.

Lucretius gave a whole lifetime to a single poem. Then there is Thucydides, father of historical criticism. His masterpiece was 20 years in the making—a work that easily fits between two octavo-size covers!

Jean Jacques Rousseau wrote: "My manuscripts, blotted, scratched, interlined and scarcely legible, attest the trouble they cost me. Some of my periods I have turned and returned in my head for five or six nights before they were fit to be put on paper."

"You will read this treatise in a few hours," Montesquieu, the celebrated jurist, told some friends on completing *The Spirit of Laws*, "yet the labor expended on it has whitened my hair." That his time and effort were not altogether ill spent is conjectured from the fact that many of the principles defined in the book had a powerful influence in the framing of the Constitution of the United States.

Even Carlyle with all his experience found the task of putting together a manuscript extremely arduous. "Certainly," he once remarked, "no one writes with the tremendous difficulty

that I do. Shall I ever write with ease?"

"He wrote with his heart's blood," is the way his brother John expressed it. In time he sent his message forth in 34 volumes—a prodigious amount of work. Yet "composition was a torture to him."

Rudyard Kipling rewrote his stories many times over, and then often made numerous corrections in the proof. Hall Caine made it a rule to revise every novel he wrote a dozen times. *The Raven* lay in Edgar Allan Poe's desk for ten years before he considered it fit to be published. Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding* was 18 years in the making. Plato spent weeks over a sentence, Charlotte Brontë hours over a word. Ruskin was never weary of polishing his jewellike phrases. Izaak Walton's simple, homely diction cost him incredible toil.

Men of the most brilliant and imposing talents have lived a life of intense and incessant labor. Yet if any work be markedly good it is the public's habit to attribute the author's success mainly to "genius."

One definition of genius has been attributed to a dozen wise men: "Genius is the capacity for taking infinite pains."

Unless history is to turn a somersault, writers whose names are found on the lists of today's best sellers will not be the ones recognized in the future as the great ones of our time. The masses, it seems, are poor judges of what is fine in literature, and usually bestow upon an author temporary notoriety rather than enduring fame. The supreme master, and every period has one, goes unsung except by a discerning few.

Read what Carlyle wrote to Emerson after trying for years to find a publisher

for *The French Revolution*: "I have given up the notion of hawking my manuscript book any further; for a long time it has lain quiet in its drawer, waiting for a better day. Sad fate! to serve the devil and get no wages from him."

Carlyle and Emerson each was aware of the genius in the other. Emerson brought about the early publication of Carlyle's essays in this country, and Carlyle was responsible for the first edition of Emerson's that was published in England.

How little the bulk of the public knows literary values is demonstrated by the early career of Hawthorne. No better collection of short story prose can be found in the English language than *Twice Told Tales*, yet Hawthorne received but a few dollars apiece for them when first published and practically no appreciation from readers. He had been dead a long time before the world awoke to the matchless quality of these tales.

At the time Charles Reade's novels and Tennyson's poetry were being offered to publishers there was a writer of fiction whose readers numbered hundreds to one of theirs. Today the name of that author who so richly enjoyed popularity is not known to one in a million.

A story called *Gideon Giles* boosted the circulation of the English paper that printed it from 100,000 to five times that number. Works like *Vanity Fair* and *David Copperfield*, published about the same time, went unnoticed by the great majority of book buyers when they first appeared.

In France a writer named Emile Richebourg wrote for the newspapers and was exceedingly popular. One of the journals substituted for him a young author named Jules Verne. A falling-off

of 80,000 circulation resulted. A week later Verne was discharged, the darling of the people was reemployed, and the name of the original genius who wrote *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* for a long while after remained in obscurity.

Many of the world's famous novels owe their fame to mere chance. When *Lorna Doone*, for example, was first published only a few hundred copies were sold. The remaining copies of the first edition, regarded as dead loss by the publishers, were consigned to a corner of the storeroom. Years passed. One of Queen Victoria's daughters became engaged to the Marquis of Lorne. The affair caused a great stir. Someone remembered that Blackmore had written a novel named *Lorna Doone*, and the inference was that it was a story about the prospective bridegroom's family. The sale of the book began; and *Lorna Doone* was on its way to becoming one of the famous romances of all time.

General Lew Wallace's *Ben Hur* was also a stagnant book at the start. It was written as the result of an argument between Wallace and Robert Ingersoll. A year after it had been published, General Grant read it and learned from the author's lips the story of what had prompted its writing. The President wrote a letter commending the book to the attention of the public. As a result everybody began reading *Ben Hur*.

Chance did much to help the sale of George Du Maurier's *Trilby*. It was a story of hypnotism appearing just at the time when the public was taking an interest in the subject. Then James McNeill Whistler advertised the book by claiming that he had been caricatured in the character of Joe Sibley, and threatened suit. Du Maurier was obliged to cut out Joe Sibley.



How Much Is Money Worth?

Condensed from Plain Talk (June, '28)

John F. Sinclair

"GOOD money," Henry Ford said to me recently, "is supposed to exercise two functions: first, as a medium of exchange and, second, as a standard of value." Yet our money has never been able to function effectively as a standard of value. Based on its purchasing power—or on what it will buy—our dollar has varied from 38 cents to 80 cents during the last ten years. A dollar in 1920 would purchase only as much as 40 cents would purchase in 1923 and 60 cents today. The American dollar as a standard of value is a ghastly joke.

"If in building automobiles we figured a yard as 30 inches today and 24 inches next month and 35 inches a year from now, how far do you suppose we would have gotten in the automobile business? Nowhere. Yet the world still hobbles along with an unstable money yard-stick. It is old-fashioned; it has not kept up with the scientific developments in other fields."

What causes the purchasing power of money to rise and fall, like the tides? Inflation and deflation are largely responsible. Dr. Irving Fisher, famed professor of economics at Yale University, has defined these terms: "Inflation is an increase in the total volume of the media of exchange more rapid than required by the volume of business at a given level of prices. Deflation is a failure of the total volume of the circulating media to increase as required by the volume of business at a given level of prices."

Fifteen years ago a German friend of mine retired from business, selling his manufacturing plant for 600,000 marks. He and his wife purchased a home for

80,000 marks in Dresden, purchased 400,000 marks' worth of conservative bonds, and deposited 120,000 marks in one of the great banks of Germany. He was a comparatively rich man, and had decided to take life easy for the rest of his life. I saw him again in 1923. He was then an old man, working by the day for a mere pittance and receiving some additional help from two charity organizations. His bonds continued to draw six percent, yet his income of 24,000 marks annually became worth less than one cent in American money, and when I saw him in 1923 his 600,000 marks capital was worth less than a dollar. He was a poor man, due to a condition over which he had absolutely no control.

Irving Fisher tells of this experience within the United States:

"A woman friend of mine was left in 1892 a fortune of \$50,000, put in trust and interest was paid to her of about \$2500 a year. In 1920 I went with her to see the trustee, who showed us how carefully he had invested—only in "safe" bonds, not in unsafe stock.

"I said, 'I claim there has been an impairment of principal of 70 percent or more. This lady's father put in your custody \$50,000, which represented at that time a certain purchasing power, so much bread and butter and clothes and house rent. If you had kept custody of that sum of real value in terms of human living, not merely dollars, you would have the equivalent of \$150,000 today.'

"He said, 'It is not my fault.'

"I said, 'No. But for heaven's sake, you people who keep fortunes of widows, orphans, colleges, hospitals and churches—can't you be interested in something

more than whether it is your fault or not? Can't you be interested in the great social effort of preventing these widows and orphans and hospitals and colleges from being robbed? If you had invested in ordinary stocks, this woman would have been richer rather than poorer, because the stockholders have been winning, but she as a bondholder has been losing.'"

If a worker who formerly got \$1000 a year should now receive \$2000, while the prices he has to pay for goods are likewise doubled, he is no worse off and no better off than before. But if the worker receives \$1500 now, whereas he formerly received \$1000, while prices have doubled, then his wage situation is worse. His money wages are higher, but his real wages—those that determine his real standard of living—are lower.

History seems to show that almost a fundamental feature of "capitalism" is the exploitation of the passive "investor" in fixed incomes. When there is inflation and prices rise, the man who is working on a flat salary contract over a long period of time, the owner of a long term bond drawing a flat rate of interest, the savings bank depositor getting a flat rate of interest return—all these lose under inflation.

There is no such thing as a safe bond—in dollars—until we have a safe dollar. What safety is there in a "promise" of a return of 1000 "dollars" 50 years hence when the dollar 50 years hence is an unknown quantity?

From this point of view, we find that there was no such thing as interest paid for the use of capital in America between 1896 and 1920. Money decreased in value—that is, in purchasing power—faster than interest accumulated during that entire period. So no one receiving five or six percent on a bond ever received any interest based on real values. One writer declares that "any gold bond bought in 1896 and running to 1920 or to any intermediate date proved to be a veritable gold brick."

John Rovensky, the able vice-president of the Bank of America, recently said: "What a mockery it is for bankers to debate for days as to whether a 20-year bond shall be sold to the public on a 4.75 percent or 4.78 percent interest basis, when it is uncertain as to whether the principal amount of the bond will be repaid on an 80 percent or 100 percent basis . . . We dedicate tomes of study to the question of whether the tendency of interest rates during the next ten years will be up or down one or two percent, and at the same time, we leave to chance and haphazard measures, whether the intrinsic value of the principal will go up or down 10 or 20 percent."

Inflation during the past 24 years, up to 1920, has picked the pockets of the bondholders and put the loot largely right down into the pockets of the stockholders—all because of the change which took place in the value of the dollar. Prof. W. I. King, of the National Bureau of Economic Research, estimated that in the United States there has been a transfer of property rights—a picking of one set of pockets for the benefit of another set—to the tune of \$40,000,000,000 during a period of only half a dozen years, since the war. Inflation is a process by which one class of people are dispossessed of their property in favor of another class. Deflation does not set this situation right, for it does not give back to the dispossessed what they formerly had.

How to secure a non-fluctuating, stabilized standard of value is probably the greatest problem confronting the business world today. Its solution will advance not only the business of the world but the standard of living of every citizen. For money is the yardstick of modern civilization. As this yardstick varies, so does business, employment, poverty, social organization, education, contracts, government and stability.

Crime and Punishment

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly* (June, '28)

Francis Bowes Sayre

WITH all her brilliancy and power, America's effort to cope with the ugly problem of crime has been for the most part a tragic failure. Figures for homicide given by Warden Lawes of Sing Sing for 1911-1921 were: for England and Wales, .76 per 100,000 of population, for Canada .54, for Australia 1.88, for South Africa 1.79, for Holland .31, for Norway .82, for Switzerland .18; for the United States, in the registration area covered, 7.20. Moreover, from the steady increase in the amount and cost of crime, and in the number of law-breakers in our prisons, it seems apparent that each year crime is eating deeper into our civilization.

There is a tendency to leave all responsibility for reform to the lawyers alone. There is widespread opinion that our present-day law is an anachronism, and that if there were men with courage to storm the strongholds of judicial conservatism, and with sufficient brains to frame a modern, adequate penal code, the battle would be won. Unhappily, the problem goes far deeper than that.

First, is it possible to free the law from what the layman considers amazing and pettifogging technicalities? On what are these technicalities founded? Somehow, from the mass of mankind whose tendencies are anti-social, individuals must be singled out for correction. In our workaday world, the only practicable selective process is to establish in advance certain categories of forbidden acts known as crimes and convict all who with criminal intent commit such acts. Conversely, if the law is to be free from the bias of any particular judge, everyone who abstains from com-

mitting such forbidden acts must be allowed to go free.

That is the "pigeonhole" system of criminal law. It necessitates the precise definition of every crime. When one's life and liberty depend on whether one's conduct falls within or without the line, justice requires that the line be sharply drawn. Should one's conduct fall but a bare one thousandth of an inch outside that line, a law of fixed standards must bar conviction. The murderer whose victim dies of the wound within a year and a day is punishable for homicide; if the victim dies a year and two days afterward, so far as the homicide charge is concerned, the killer goes free. The result may seem technical and highly arbitrary. But if we are to have justice according to law, such arbitrary lines are inescapable.

Once the inherent difficulties of the pigeonhole system are recognized, the evils resulting from it can be materially reduced. One can redefine crimes so as to eliminate unmeaning lines drawn in the infancy of the law. Centuries ago, for instance, land was not included in the crime of theft, since it could not be carried off. As a result no one could be convicted at common law of larceny for stealing crops, or picking up gold nuggets on another's claim. Since early lawyers thought that animals were of value only if they were fit for food or work, the crime of larceny did not include dogs or cats—unless they wore a collar, as one court held! Thefts of electricity have given the courts great trouble. Such examples show that common law crimes are too cramped for present-day needs, and must be redefined to be adequate now.

No one must suppose that the mere perfecting of the substantive law will very materially reduce crime. At best it is only a beginning. The essence of effective criminal justice is to make conviction following the crime swift and certain. In America today it is neither.

The usual procedure for the trial of felonies involves three distinct steps: first, a preliminary examination by a magistrate; second, an entirely new examination by the grand jury; and, third, a trial of guilt before a petit jury. Taking advantage of delays, a clever defense attorney can protract a trial interminably.

The startling fact is that inherently these three steps are not necessary, but largely reduplication and waste effort. Each of the first two steps was invented for conditions which do not have similar force today. And when one remembers that in passing through these three steps, the state's witnesses are made to appear and personally give their evidence on three separate occasions, that the difficulty of securing intelligent jurors is doubled by the double examination, that months sometimes elapse between the preliminary hearing and the first trial, that costs and evils of the bail system increase daily, while the cumbersome machinery of an earlier age creaks and groans and misses fire, one wonders how the results can be as good as they are. An actual count of 4000 felony cases in Cleveland in 1919 showed that only 15 percent of those tried were actually sent to the state penitentiary. In other words, a professional criminal in Cleveland might know that, even if he bungled so as to be caught, the chances were overwhelmingly against his being sent to prison.

A professional criminal might also know that the more serious the crime, the smaller the proportion of those actually punished. An official New York report states that "for every ten murders committed in London, 160 are committed in New York City; and seven out of London's ten are hanged while only one out of New York's 160 is executed." In the face of such facts can

anyone claim that criminal justice in America is either sure or swift?

The privilege of a criminal defendant to refuse to give testimony survives from the time when torture was still in use in Scotland and on the Continent as a means of gaining self-incriminatory evidence. Under modern conditions it is of no profit to the innocent, but may prove very effective in preventing the conviction of the guilty. It is probably an important factor in encouraging "third degree" methods by the police. Yet many state constitutions preserve the privilege with religious veneration.

Constitutional provisions in most states similarly require the jury form of trial and prevent our experimenting with other possibly more efficient forms, such as tribunals of law experts and laymen, sitting and voting together, as adopted in certain sections of Europe.

"Trial by jury," says Dicey in his *Law of the Constitution*, "is open to much criticism; a distinguished French thinker may be right in holding that the habit of submitting difficult problems of fact to the decision of 12 men of not more than average intelligence will in the near future be considered an absurdity as patent as ordeal by battle." Its success in England is due to the great power given to the judge to influence the jury.

The machine of American criminal justice badly needs repair. The fundamental requisites of criminal justice—speed and certainty—are conspicuously lacking.

The work of detecting and apprehending criminals has been comparatively little emphasized in America. Our minds are so engrossed in the defects of the law that we are inclined to forget that we must catch a criminal before we can try him.

Unlike Europe, we have not yet learned in this country, with one or two notable exceptions, to utilize the resources of science for police detection work. Under European methods the police are trained to examine with a high degree of skill every detail connected with the crime, and to rely on scientific

experts at every turn. Nothing is too minute for examination and study. Thus, in a recorded case in Austria, a man was gravely wounded by an unknown person on a very dark night. The criminal dropped his cap in flight, and inside the cap two hairs were found. An expert microscopist was able to describe the wearer as "a man of middle age, of robust constitution, inclined to obesity; black hair intermingled with gray, recently cut; commencing to grow bald." In comparison with such European methods one is reminded of the cap which figured in the Sacco-Vanzetti trial—found at the scene of the Braintree murder and alleged to belong to Sacco. Upon the identification of its wearer hung an issue of nation-wide concern. Yet, according to the testimony of Chief Gallivan of Braintree, he carried the cap around for ten days under the seat of his automobile, and then himself ripped the lining to find identification marks before he ultimately gave it to Captain Scott.

When one remembers also that on the Continent the police keep careful registration cards for every person, that change of name is illegal and impracticable, that the police keep constantly adding fresh information on the individual registration cards, and that therefore at any moment the police have available a more or less complete history of each individual, one begins to comprehend why the chances of identifying and arresting those guilty of crime in Europe are in favor of the police, in America greatly in favor of the criminal.

Police work of a really efficient character must include crime prevention as well as crime detection. It should be the business of an efficient police force to gain a wide knowledge of individual lawbreakers and their companions, of suspects and "bad risks," and to use this information by bringing such individuals in contact with social organizations fitted to cope with the situation. As Colonel Woods, former Police Commissioner of New York City, puts it: "The preventive policeman is the policeman of the future. However faithfully he

does it, he can no longer fully justify himself by simply 'pounding the beat'."

The last consideration—and the most important of all—is: what are we going to do with the human beings we have arrested, tried, and convicted? There we come to the heart of the problem of criminal justice.

For centuries we have assumed that crime is the voluntary choice of a free agent and that it will somehow benefit society to punish the criminal; and upon these assumptions we have based our whole penal system. Modern scientific investigation has shaken to its foundations each of these assumptions. We have discovered that a large part of crime is inevitable—the result partly of inherent physiological or mental defects, and partly of social environment. Hard experience has shown us that punishment alone generally confirms the victim in his anti-social ways. Glueck's study of 608 consecutive admissions to Sing Sing Prison showed that 66.8 percent were men who had been convicted before. Other studies have shown like results.

In place of the barren aim of punishment, modern thought has sought the reformation wherever possible of the individual offender, the prevention of further crimes on his part, and the deterrence of others from imitating the offense. The objective changes from punishment as such to social reinstatement of the criminal. To attain such an objective, mass treatment is evidently futile. What proves immensely effective with one will be utterly unavailing with another.

Suppose three individuals are convicted, each for the theft of the same amount of money. Under the old theories, precisely the same term of imprisonment should be imposed upon each. The first offender is a hardened professional who has lived a life of crime for 25 years; the second is a boy of 15; the third is a man of 40, with a good record but unable to get work. Should all necessarily have the same treatment because all committed the same crime? Does not reason demand that after conviction prisoners be sorted into group-

ings and treated according to their needs, so far as practicable?

Already we have made a beginning. In most states today juvenile offenders are no longer treated in the mass with other criminals. Those who are insane are committed to special institutions. A movement is afoot in many states to differentiate the group of hardened professionals from first offenders. Thus the classical theory of imposing exactly the same punishment upon all guilty of the same offense is breaking down, and we are beginning to seek for penal treatment according to social groupings quite irrespective of the nature of the offense committed. Along this pathway lies the great need for future research. Through the failure of the old system, many a prison has become a factory of crime.

Once the criminal is convicted, the lawyer must step aside in favor of the doctor, the psychologist, the psychiatrist, the sociologist. The simplest process for achieving such a result would seem to be that the court should turn over those found guilty to a carefully chosen board for determining, upon the advice of expert scientific assistants, in what group each convicted offender is to be placed and what his treatment is to be. Needless to say, if it is to be made a responsible body, this board must have the additional power to see that its orders are properly carried out, and subsequently to transfer offenders from group to group, to modify treatment in the light of concrete results, and to discharge finally on probation those who no longer need institutional or social care.

After the setting aside of the more or less well-defined classes, as suggested above, there would still remain a large group whose abnormalities would not be so pronounced as to demand special treatment. To devise for this large group forms of treatment redemptive rather than punitive is the final crucial problem of criminal administration. Here imperatively we need creative thought and experiment. Yet the underlying fundamentals seem clear. If

social rehabilitation is the object it can never be finally attained by force and compulsion, for it is essentially a thing of the spirit. Discipline in the earlier stages must be strict; but there is a difference between the discipline that makes sodden, and the discipline which enforces order so that other constructive forces can operate. The pathway toward social rehabilitation must be a progressive one, the offender passing from stage to stage by dint of his own exertions.

The final return to society must be through a gradual relaxation of restrictions and an extended period of parole. To imprison a social defective for years in a place where everything seems calculated to unfit him for freedom and then suddenly disgorge him into blinding freedom, penniless and friendless, and expect him to go and sin no more, is almost grotesque.

Those who would emphasize deterrence above all else must not forget that mere savagery of punishment does not deter. The history of criminal law in England shows that during the 18th century, when 160 different offenses were punishable by death, crime flourished. Even when pocket-picking was punishable by death, a public hanging, where everybody was looking upward, was a favorite place for pick-pockets to ply their trade. Deterrence comes not through severity, but through certainty and celerity of conviction. The more severe the punishment, the fewer guilty persons will be convicted, as everyone who has worked with juries must know. If the criminal knew that there was at least an equal chance of being caught and convicted, and if he knew that after conviction his right to freedom would be dependent upon his own conduct, and that after his discharge he would remain under partial surveillance for an extended time, there would be less crime.

Such are the signposts toward reform. The solution can come only slowly, and the battle must be fought on many fronts. But in the end American civilization will prove equal to the task.

Morality Among the Animals

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (June, '28)

James H. Leuba

MOST educated people are willing to grant that the intelligence of higher animals is similar to the inferior levels of human intelligence. Few, however, are prepared to share with the animals the foundation of the moral life. It is here that humanity makes its stand for distinction. They would grant the beast everything save the moral life; that, they would affirm, is the specifically human trait. Yet it is possible to find, among animals, four types of behavior which may well be regarded as constituting a substantial foundation for a moral nature.

(1) Our industrial society is, as we all know, anchored on the right of property. Much of our law is concerned with guarding that right. Animals also claim and defend ownership.

Claims of property make their appearance as far down the animal scale as fish, but they are much clearer in the higher animals. Many species of birds claim rights, not only to the nest, but to territory about it—a bush, or a small pond. Some eagles suffer no rival within their hunting grounds.

Among apes the claim to property spreads to objects of very little intrinsic value. Brehm speaks of a baboon which had become deeply interested in a tin can, took it to his sleeping place at night, and generally treated it as his own. Alverdes knew a captive monkey who used rubber balls, corks, etc., as playthings and who resented any attempt to touch them—these things were his own.

If it is proper to interpret behavior in animals as it is in man, we may conclude that animals have a sense of property, and that they become aware of their right just as man does, i. e., in conse-

quence of priority of occupation and use.

(2) Most persons have noticed the behavior of a dog when scolded by its master. It does not run away as it would if it merely feared blows; it remains near, even approaches, crawling in supplication, and tries to lick its master's hands. This is evidently not simple fear of chastisement. What is it?

Professor Köhler of Berlin who spent several years in the company of a colony of chimpanzees on Teneriffe Island has recorded in his *The Mentality of Apes* a related incident: "One day I noticed while feeding the squatting animals pressed about me, that one little female was snatching food from a weaker animal, and I gave her a little rap. The little creature, now punished for the first time, shrank back, uttered a heart-broken wail, and stared at me horror-struck. The next moment she flung her arms about my neck, quite beside herself, and was only comforted by degree when I stroked her. This need (adds Professor Köhler) is a phenomenon frequently to be observed in the emotional life of chimpanzees."

This is certainly not an expression of simple fear. What affects the dog and the ape is not the fear of physical pain; they, like a child put in a corner, suffer a moral pain, the pain of rejection by those they love. In the tenderly nurtured higher animals, as in the young child, the direst misery is not produced by physical pain, but by being rejected by loved ones.

(3) Disinterested, affectionate helpfulness and generosity are among the finest traits in the moral nature of man. They are also to be observed in higher

animals. Mated birds of certain species show what in man would be called admirable devotion and tenderness. Apes excepted, it is probably among elephants, of all mammals, that mutual helpfulness is best developed. When an elephant is wounded by a bullet others have frequently been observed to come to its help and support it. If it falls some of its fellows will kneel by its side, pass their tusks under its body, while others wind their trunks about its neck in an attempt to put the wounded animal on its feet.

But it is, as might be expected, among the apes that sympathy and helpfulness reach their highest level. There are on record numerous well-authenticated instances similar to this one taken from Tomanes' *Animal Intelligence*: "A young male gibbon fell from a tree and dislocated his wrist; he received the greatest attention from the others, especially from an old female, who, however, was no relation. She used before eating her own plantains to take up the first one offered to her to the cripple; and I have frequently noticed that a cry of fright, pain or distress would bring all others at once to the complainer, and they would condole with him and fold him in their arms."

A chimpanzee's burst of affectionate concern in the presence of a suffering fellow-creature, especially when small and weak, would put to shame the callous indifference of many a human being. One of Professor Köhler's smaller apes, Konsul by name, was sick. He had just been let out of the infirmary and was dragging himself painfully toward his fellows when his strength gave out, and he fell to the ground with a piercing cry. Tercera, a female ape, sprang up in great excitement, uttering cries of distress, and ran to Konsul. She caught him under the arms, trying to set him on his feet, her face expressive of the utmost concern. "One could not imagine anything more maternal than

this female chimpanzee's behavior," says a witness of the scene.

These apes befriended and helped one another in all sorts of circumstances. When one was being punished the others showed not only passive sympathy, but actively tried to stop the punishment, even to trying to hold the punisher's arm.

(4) Gratitude is another quality occasionally observed in apes. Köhler again reports an incident of two chimpanzees having been shut out of their shelters by mistake in a cold rain storm. They were standing dejected and wet outside their door when he chanced to pass, and opened the door for them. Instead of scampering in without more ado, as many a child would have done, each of them delayed entering the warm shelter long enough to throw its arms about its benefactor in a frenzy of satisfaction.

Had it been the purpose of this discussion to draw a complete picture of the emotional life of apes, their angers, fears, resentments, jealousies, etc., the readers would probably have come to the conclusion of the psychologists who know these animals well: that they are nowhere closer to mankind than in their emotional life.

Should, then, the higher animals be regarded as moral beings? The answer to this question depends upon the meaning given to "morality." If it is defined as consisting of socially valuable forms of behavior born of instinct and social experience, then the term would apply to the animal world. But if morality is held to imply a consciousness of principles of right and wrong, and a voluntary submission to them for the good of the greatest number, then morality would have to be denied to animals, for they are unable to formulate principles. But, then, how much morality of this second sort is there even among the lowest members of civilized societies?



Huge World Trusts at Grips

Condensed from The Magazine of Wall Street (June 2, '28)

Theodore M. Knappen

A CURIOUS thing is going on in Europe. While the various countries have gone to absurd lengths endeavoring to nationalize sentiment, industry is pressing for internationalization. A great degree of continental unity may thus be effected and the economic causes of international distrust and war abolished without the initiative of statesmen.

The organism that is becoming so potent in Europe for economic unity is the cartel. A cartel is a trade controlling agreement between commercial organizations. In Europe, concentration of industrial power, through association, even to the extent of complete monopoly, seems to be viewed with favor by the public and tolerated, if not actually promoted, by government.

Cartels flourished in Germany before the war, and were not unknown in other countries. Since the war they have become common in all the industrial nations of the Old World. And now we have a horde of international cartels. Mostly they are of German origin, reflecting a new eruption of German energy defeated in its military assertion.

First, hostile business units within national frontiers entered into cartels, or agreements, limiting the field of rivalry; now they cross boundaries and seek to build anew a greater and more powerful industrial Europe in the face of the political separatism that promoted weakness. Each national element in an international cartel plans to hold its domestic markets for itself; indeed, one of the prime purposes of cartels is to assure each unit the benefits of monopoly or something approaching it at home whilst dividing up the neutral markets

on some agreed basis of distribution. French and German international cartelists, for example, are left free to exploit the home market, while they hunt in pairs in other markets.

Carried to their logical extreme, cartels signify all great European industry entrenched in monopoly at home and united for competition abroad. In the end such competition must mean chiefly competition with the United States, for, broadly speaking, there is no other rival of the cartels. Europe, all but ruined by internecine war, seeks its revival in the commercial union of erstwhile foes.

As far back as 1895, Germany boasted 385 domestic cartels formed for the purpose of fixing prices, dividing trade territory and restricting output. By 1911, the cartels numbered 600. They were mostly horizontal combinations, that is, they involved similar industries rather than related industries in the chain of production which, when integrated, are called vertical combinations or cartels. In all countries during the war the tendency was to enforce consolidation of industries for more effective production.

After the war, financial stabilization arrived in Germany before it did in France, Belgium and some other countries. Moreover, the war had made France a great industrial country and both France and Belgium, by virtue of cheap money, were able to undersell Germany abroad. The German cartels had to effect international cartelization or face ruin. So the last three years have witnessed a strong surge toward international cartels, stimulated latterly by the pinch of stabilization in other

countries. What the Germans desperately sought at first was latterly equally desperately sought by their neighbors.

Altogether there are now about 100 international cartels or trade control understandings. Most of them have developed within the last three years, and the outlook is that there number will rapidly increase. The outstanding cartels, operating internationally (*the number of countries involved in each case is given in parentheses*), are as follows: Raw Steel (7); Rails (5); Tubes (8); Aluminum (6); Enamel Ware (5); Glue (most European countries); Rayon (3); Copper (5); Electric Bulbs (12); Plate Glass (2); Glass Bottles (9); Borax (5); Wire (4); Linoleum (3); Dyes (3). International combinations not classed as cartels include: the Swedish-American Match Trust; the Franco-German Potash Combine; the German-British Explosives Combine.

The United States is involved in four of the above cartels: Rayon, Copper, Electric Bulbs and Borax. This suggests the possibility that the European cartels may become world wide and not lead to a bitter struggle between American and European industry. The rayon cartel, however, appears in the American scene because the American rayon industry is foreign founded and owned to a major degree.

The dominant motive of all cartels is the control of all the business that affects their members. A European cartel that still had the United States to fight would not realize its full purpose. No doubt, the European industrialists would like to include American industries, if the division of the world spoils could be agreed upon satisfactorily to them.

No doubt there are American industrialists now ready to enter international cartels, but as a general rule it would not appear that the United States is ready for such cartelization. This young country has scarcely shown its

strength abroad as yet, even in some of its greatest industries—steel, for example. So long as it is assured of the American market by tariff protection, the steel industry is not likely to put the handcuffs of a cartel on its foreign expansion. Any division of world markets on the basis of present possession of them would give the United States the small end of the bargain. On the whole, American industry views foreign markets as an opportunity for expansion, not for fixation. Our great industries are in the conquering and adventuring stage. Growth, not stabilization, is their objective.

The formation of international cartels points eventually to a battle royal between American and European industry for the neutral markets. Europe contains 50 to 60 million people now whose only hope of existence upon anything above the most wretched plane depends upon their ability to export their manufactured products to other countries. The cartel seems to be the only instrumentality that promises to unite the strength of Europe for the attainment of a commonly beneficial end. Only by it does it seem possible to mobilize the resources of European industry to combat with American industry with hope of success.

The cartel works to wipe out the paralyzing division of Europe industrially along political boundaries. It will tend to give European industry a tremendous home market, in which it is thoroughly protected. Such a market, larger than the boasted American home market, will give a sheltered base to mass production. Cartelized and "combined," Europe will take full advantage of all the resources of material, power and location that are its heritage. The world will then witness the greatest commercial grapple of history—a struggle between the two giants of the two most favored industrial regions of the world on equal terms.

Life in the Death House

Condensed from *The World's Work* (June, '28)

Lewis E. Lawes

SINCE 1920, when I became Warden of Sing Sing, 176 men and 4 women, convicted of intentional murder, have been face to face with death in Sing Sing's death house. This house, officially called the condemned cells, but known as the "slaughter house" to most prisoners, is completely separated from the other prison buildings, and has its own kitchen, hospital, exercise yards, and visiting room. The pre-execution chamber, a wing of six cells to which the condemned are removed on the morning of the day of execution, is referred to as the "dance hall" by the condemned, and is connected by a corridor with "in back," or the execution chamber, and the "ice box," or morgue, adjoining.

The law stipulates solitary confinement for the condemned, and they are so confined except for a 15-minute exercise period. While locked in the cell, no condemned prisoner can see another, although it is possible to converse with the prisoner in the cells on either side.

The condemned prisoner is "dressed in" upon arrival in clothing of such a quality that it cannot easily be used to make a rope, though one suicide has been accomplished with such a rope. Formerly, a prisoner saved bits of cotton used in applying medicine to his eyes and made a short rope that was later discovered, when his cell was changed—a thing now done at frequent but irregular intervals.

Felt slippers are substituted for shoes that might conceivably be used as a weapon. Knives, forks, and pepper are not permitted, and food is served in soft aluminum vessels. Only one kind

of pen is allowed though the condemned may write all the letters they wish. Magazines and newspapers are permitted when received from publishers, but the small pieces of wire used in binding are extracted. Papers are collected after being read, as one prisoner made a formidable club out of sheets of paper, using chewing gum and bits of string as a binder. Prisoners put their hands out between the bars to have fingernails pared, as long nails could be used to cut the wrist arteries. Matches are not allowed, but the guards will give a light for smoking. There is no movable object in the cell which could be used for suicide.

A striking anomaly is that while many condemned prisoners would commit suicide if possible, they are uniformly careful of their health, and even place newspapers on the floor as a protection against colds. Incidentally, there is a bit of irony in the fact that often, while one group of prison officials is taking the life of a man "in back," another group is bending every effort to save a life in the prison hospital. In several instances, an operation has saved the life of a condemned prisoner who, after recovering, was executed.

The average period between commitment to the death house and execution is somewhat less than a year. During this period most of the condemned become very devout, their religious beliefs being intensified by reading, contemplation, and devotional services. The result is that, with rare exceptions, they go to their death courageously. Some are stoical and refuse any religious consolation. One such said to me: "Oh, what's the diff? We all have to die,

and I might as well die sitting in a chair as lying in a bed." Nor was this just bravado. Another, a young man who had some college training, said: "Life is a joke, Warden. No one gets out of it alive," and then quoted Shakespeare:

He that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Several have seemed unconcerned over their fate, and a few have seemed to consider themselves heroes dying for a cause. A very few become insane, and these are transferred by order of the Governor to a state hospital for insane prisoners. Occasionally, a condemned prisoner shams insanity, but he is, of course, easily detected by the alienists.

Visits, which are restricted to relatives and attorneys, except on court order, are allowed twice a week until the final week, when they are permitted daily. Newspaper reporters and magazine writers sometimes resort to various subterfuges to make such visits, but these are never permitted. All interviews purporting to have been made in the death house are untrue.

Executions usually take place on Thursday night, a few minutes after 11 o'clock. The Warden invites "12 reputable citizens of full age" and three court officials, who are required under the law as witnesses, to attend. There are present, in addition, two doctors, a clergyman, seven keepers, the executioner, and the Warden. A large number of people ask to be invited to witness an execution—1000 in one case—but it does not seem to me fitting that this gruesome matter should be regarded as morbid entertainment. I try to secure as witnesses those who would prefer not to act but do so as a matter of duty.

It is very rare that a prisoner has to be supported on his final walk, for murderers are usually courageous. Contrary to the general notion, no drug or other stimulant is given. They usually walk directly to the chair and sit down with an unconcern that is almost inconceivable, but occasionally they make a brief statement, which may be one protesting their innocence, or some

trivial remark. It takes but a minute for the executioner to apply the electrodes to head and leg. The final strap adjusted, the executioner—who has now taken his place in the alcove—throws the switch that sends a killing current of man-made lightning hurtling through the prisoner's body. The 2000-volt charge with a current of eight to ten amperes causes death much more rapidly than the nervous system can record any sensation. Death, therefore, is instantaneous and absolutely painless. The whole proceeding from first to last takes less than five minutes.

To me, this is all very poignantly depressing, because, during the months they have been waiting, I have come to know each individual personally. I find them average men, with grievous faults, to be sure, but often with sterling virtues, too. They understand that I do my part as an official, and not as Lewis E. Lawes, their friend. And I treasure some of these friendships.

"Warden, I would like to die like a man, but it is my first try at this sort of thing, and I am not sure of myself. Can't you arrange to give me a high ball just before I go?" Thus spoke No. 75433. He was a very young fellow, and I decided to break the rule against stimulants in his case and arranged legally to secure a prescription of two ounces of whisky. Just a few minutes before he was to go I asked him how he felt. "Fine," he replied and, noticing the pallor on my face, added: "It's you that needs that 'shot,' Warden. Drink it, and the best of luck to you!" I did need it, and I freely admit that I drank it. He went to his death like a soldier.

Just before No. 76800 went to the chair, he said: "Warden, I hope you don't succeed in your effort to abolish capital punishment. It's better to burn in the chair and have it over with, than to rot in prison with a life sentence."

Persons who are able to have eminent defense attorneys are seldom convicted of first-degree murder, and very rarely executed. A large number of those executed were too poor to hire a lawyer, counsel being appointed by the State.

Forging Swords Into Dumbbells

Condensed from Liberty (May 5, '28)

George Sylvester Viereck

"NO mollicoddle ever made history." This remark, made to me by President Hindenburg, summarizes his faith in athletics as a substitute for military training to keep Germany fit. Just as the Krupps, the big cannon makers, turned their guns and torpedoes into plowshares and hairpins, so Germany now forges her swords into dumbbells.

Hindenburg's appearance does not belie his statement. Like the gnarled oaks of his native forest, Hindenburg at fourscore looks his age. But fourscore is not old for an oak. Tall and straight, Paul von Beneckendorff und Hindenburg resembles the colossal image of himself erected in Berlin during the war. Standing at his desk in the Wilhelmstrasse, he seemed to dwarf the room. At 80 the stroke of his pen is still virile; he controls every muscle of his gigantic frame. He himself ascribes his resiliency in part to his imperturbable temper; in part to the fact that his exercises now are less strenuous but no less regular than they were at 18.

Like Mussolini, Hindenburg is an advocate of systematic physical culture. Mussolini builds up the physical stamina of the Italian people. He drives them from the slums into the country. He compels them to fill their lungs with air. He teaches them to march straight and to shoot straight. Germany, entangled by the peace treaty, may not teach her sons how to handle a gun, but she has adopted physical culture with scientific precision. President Hindenburg believes that a sound mind dwells in a sound body. "*Mens sana in corpore sano.*" I heard the same phrase from him as I had heard from the lips of Mus-

solini. This and another, "Ora et labora"—"Pray and work"—comprise Hindenburg's creed.

This philosophy enabled him to carry on his broad shoulders the burden of defeat as well as of victory. In victory he had Ludendorff to share both responsibility and laurels. In defeat it was Hindenburg alone who led his army home. If Hindenburg had failed his people then, German civilization might have disappeared for a century in the ocean of anarchy.

With remarkable clarity Hindenburg saw after the debacle that Germany must devise a new method for preserving a sound mind in a sound body. Long before he placed himself at the head of the Republic, he pointed out the necessity for finding a substitute for the old army training. The old German army, he felt, taught the manhood of the nation self-confidence and the best way to master their own powers. It strengthened their impulse toward concerted effort and organized endeavor. It imparted to them a sense of their capacity that remained with them all through life.

"Germany's political and economic regeneration depended, in my opinion, upon restoring the great school of organization and effort which disappeared with the army. It was not a military but an educational problem to me. Let us speedily create, I urged, a fresh training school, new means of education. If we fail in this, or inadequately cultivate the spiritual and moral and physical life of our people, we will exhaust the very springs of our national existence."

Hindenburg is fully persuaded that the treaty of Versailles attempted to

leave Germany prostrate not only militarily but industrially. The only means of salvation seemed to be in the possibilities of physical culture, and Germany, with her aptitude for organized effort, seized upon it. "The Germans," President Hindenburg pointed out to me, "were the first to adopt compulsory insurance against sickness, accident, invalidism, and superannuation. Likewise, Germany is the first great country to make physical culture the business of the state."

Hindenburg does not believe that physical culture will build up a victorious army in Germany. He speaks as a nation builder, not as a soldier. "Times have changed since Napoleon waged war. No muscular development can take the place of tanks, poison gas, war planes, and heavy artillery. Germany is not concerned with making war, but with rebuilding her stamina."

President Hindenburg intrusts his plans for making Germany a nation of athletes to Dr. Theodor Lewald, president of the Federal Committee of Physical Culture. This committee heads over 30,000 separate organizations and more than 4,000,000 members. The central and state governments are represented on its board. Compulsory athletic instruction at public schools, and the increase of athletic fields throughout Germany are among its achievements. It confers with the Reichstag and influences legislation pertaining to hygiene.

"Every student of the High School of Physical Culture," explained Dr. Lewald, "which trains teachers, must practice every form of athletics. In light athletics—swimming, bar and ball work, running, leaping, turning, and so on—he must attain a certain fixed average. He must also select some form of gymnastics or sport in which he must attain great proficiency.

"Male students must do well in general gymnastics and in German dumb-bell work, pole vaulting, in Swedish exercises, in wrestling, boxing, fencing, jujitsu, swimming, rowing, sailing, snowshoe racing, ice racing, Alpine

climbing, rhythmical exercise; and all field sports like football, hockey, handball, tennis, golf, and so on. Female students must excel in the same general line with the exception of wrestling, football, jujitsu, and the more technical forms of male exercise. In their place, the dance and its different gymnastic forms must be practiced."

President Hindenburg here remarked, "We strive to promote harmonious development of the entire body. My experience in the army proved to me that over-specialization is a source of weakness rather than of strength."

"Have you organized games on a large scale, like our football or boxing matches?" I inquired of Dr. Lewald.

"We have games, but they are not commercialized. It is not practical to turn the stadium into a money-making enterprise and at the same time to retain the fundamental object of its existence—physical training of the whole population. The production of men and women in the best health cannot bring pecuniary profit to any organization.

"Of late," Dr. Lewald went on, "we concentrate on the Sport Forum, which symbolizes the whole idea, a kind of university of physical culture. Men of science, men of ideas, men of practical attainments work together under its auspices. The coöperation of all these talents will result in the attainment of the ideal of the ancient world—the sound mind in the sound body.

"Thus we are conducting the most gigantic development of the physical culture idea of which history bears record, the supreme experiment with the living human form."

Paul von Hindenburg, as a leader in the new movement, is the symbol of both the old and the new Germany. The only German of his generation whom Bismarck's shoes and mantle fit, he differs from the Iron Chancellor by being receptive to new ideas. A monarchist, he is able to adjust himself to the Republic; a militarist, he accepts universal physical culture in place of universal military service.

Changing Ideas About Diet

Condensed from the Woman's Home Companion (June, '28)

Clarence W. Lieb, M.D.

I DON'T like it!" protests the child. "Take it quick, darling, and don't think about the taste."

So down the spinach goes, though there may be tears.

The propaganda for spinach has been successful largely for economic reasons, because spinach is cheap and can be found in every market practically the year round. Yet spinach is not invariably "good for everybody," and is probably overrated as a food for children. For instance, it is not good for:

The malnourished child, in whose diet it may replace more easily assimilable and nourishing foods. Many of the nutritive troubles of children are due to an excessive amount of coarse stringy high-residue foods, and spinach even when puréed is still a high-residue food.

The child, healthy or otherwise, to whom it is repulsive. To a great many children the appearance and taste of spinach is unquestionably repulsive. If they are compelled to eat it nevertheless, the digestion may be upset by the emotional conflict. Even when the child is good and nobly swallows the spinach, the digestive harm may be done.

There is really no good reason why any household should feel obliged to serve spinach, unless it is the only green the family can afford. Lettuce, cabbage and half a dozen other foods can supply roughage to such as need it, and contain as generous amounts of vitamins, iron, and other mineral salts. Lettuce is one of the greatest vegetable foods. While it is excellent when cooked, its crispness when green makes it attractive to most persons, and of course most of us should eat more raw

food. Lettuce also keeps the digestion alkaline and is a vehicle for useful oils and lemon juice.

Certain other spinach substitutes ought to be given publicity, for they are sadly neglected. These include beet tops, dandelion greens, leeks, young clover and alfalfa. Alfalfa leads other greens in content of the important vitamin A and deserves emphasis as a splendid green for human consumption, although to many tastes it is too strong.

The subject of spinach gives us an outstanding example of our changing ideas about diet. In case anyone doubts that we have made great progress in healthful eating, I will quote an extract from the diary of a country parson, dated 1790:

Nancy was taken very ill this Afternoon with a pain within her. I suppose it proceeded in great measure from what she eat at Dinner and after. She eat for Dinner some boiled Beef rather fat and salt, a good deal of nice roast duck, and a plenty of boiled Damson Pudding. After dinner by way of Desert, she ate some green-gage Plums, some Figs, and Rasberries and Cream. I desired her to drink a good half-pint Glass of warm Rum and Water which she did and soon was a little better—And I hope will be brave to Morrow.

That voice from the past shows us the scandalous character of our ancestors' diet.

The present-day catchwords of diet are, however, false in many cases. Let us run through some of the simpler food fallacies which have been exploded by research in the past 15 years by the increasingly exact science of dietetics:

The banana: Formerly condemned as indigestible, this fruit is now recognized as wholesome, easily digested, high in vitamins, and is even included in the diet of infants. It must be eaten thoroughly ripe or cooked.

Nuts: Formerly condemned as indigestible, nuts have been absolved since it was shown by test that the whole trouble was that people did not chew them sufficiently, or that they were often eaten when old and rancid and so contained butyric acid.

Water at Meals: This was long assailed as bad for the digestion. We know now that it is bad only if taken for the purpose of washing down food not properly chewed, or if taken in excessive quantities. A glass before the meal starts the stomach glands secreting and another glass should be sipped between swallows. This stimulates the flow of gastric juice in normal stomachs. Certain invalids, who have too little gastric juice, will be advised not to drink water at meals.

Red and white meats: In rheumatic and kidney conditions all red meat used to be taboo. But tender beef, mutton or lamb and dark meat of chicken are now known to be no more harmful in such conditions than the white meat of chicken. The latter, however, is easier to digest. The preparation, consistency and mastication of meat are frequently far more important than minor differences in its chemical composition.

Veal: The common belief that veal is detrimental to the health has been disproved by scientific feeding experiments. Of course there are individuals who may have an idiosyncrasy to this or any other type of food.

Meat broths: The phrase "a good nourishing meat broth" is utterly misleading, as such broths have practically no caloric value. Their true value lies in the stimulating effect on digestion by the meat extractives which are their chief constituents.

Loebster and ice cream: It is a mistake to think that these two foods make a bad combination. There is no incompatibility between them. Baneful effects that follow the use of both at the

same meal come from the overeating of one or both or of other dishes.

Mushrooms: These are falsely reputed to have high food value. Simple observation shows that they pass through the system almost without change, and they may even cause untoward effects in the colon.

Raw starch: It was formerly taught that raw starch was indigestible. Recent experiments show that raw corn, wheat, rice, and other starches are completely digested in amounts up to eight ounces a day. Raw potatoes show a digestibility of 78 percent. One application of this fact is that there is no harm in satisfying the craving which some children have for chewing on a raw carrot or even a raw potato.

Methods of cooking are also being influenced by scientific experiment. In general, the less foods are tampered with, the better for human nutrition. Cooking may destroy vital food elements or cause reactions many of which are not yet thoroughly understood. Every meal should include some raw food.

The modern pressure cookers, in which food is cooked under pressure in steam and in its own juice, are excellent. In this way vitamins are preserved, because there is no oxidation, and mineral salts are conserved instead of being poured down the sink.

Most women have learned the importance of saving the water in which vegetables have been boiled. This water is high in mineral salts which are essential particularly to children. It should be served in soup or otherwise consumed. Soda should never be added to vegetables to preserve their greenness because it destroys needed vitamins.

The rapid changes which have taken place seem, perhaps, to argue inconsistency in the science of dietetics. The truth is that the old half facts are being carefully tested by modern scientific methods, so that our information is now more accurate than ever before.



The Lobby Shop

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly (May 26, '28)

Walter Davenport

IT is the inalienable right of a citizen to appeal to his legislators, either in person or through a paid agent—thus the theory of lobbying is entirely virtuous. But the practices of the shyster and the noble confidence man have brought the art into disrepute.

In an earlier day direct bribery no doubt obtained. Such crude methods are not employed today, though the same illegitimate element is in Washington. Never in the history of lobbying has the art been more subtle. The power of the lobbies is shown in the failure of attempts to investigate them.

As causes and movements have increased in numbers with our population, so have lobbies. There were never so many in Washington. There are lobbies for business combinations, for enforced peace, for a huge navy, for preservation of bird life, for abolishing alcohol, for compulsory church attendance, for promotion of atheism, and so on indefinitely.

In the interests of simplicity the Washington lobby shop may be divided into four general classes: the *educational* lobby (which aims only to set forth its views), the *back-fire* lobby, the *social* lobby, and the *shyster* lobby.

The educational or purely informative lobby is frequently helpful to legislators. It appears before congressional committees with honest information and makes no attempt at coercion. Its strength is in its character. Congress cannot afford to ignore such forces as, say, the United States Chamber of Commerce or the National Federation of Women's Clubs, fighting openly for what they believe to be the common good.

In the wake of these substantial lobbies come the others. Take, for instance, the defeat of Senator Walsh's resolution to investigate the public utility corporations, headed by what is known as the Power Lobby. Senator Walsh's faction accused the public-utility corporations of watered stock and excessively high rates. They pointed to the Hydro-Electric Power Company of Ontario supplying electricity to Canada from Niagara Falls for two cents and the eight-cent juice supplied by the American plants. They compared what electricity manufactured by the Alabama Power Corporation was costing with what it would cost from a government plant at Muscle Shoals. Quite a difference, too.

The Power Lobby gathered impressive speakers to go before the Senate Judiciary Committee, and implore Congress not to fritter away the nation's time with an investigation. From that committee room the oratory spread to the country at large. Millions of investors who held shares in these great corporations heard ominous tidings. Something might happen to those shares if the corporations were disturbed. A torrent of letters came from these shareholders to their men in Congress. Stop this tampering. Squelch these damned radicals who would ruin us.

Still the battle was not won. Back to the homes of the stiff-necked legislators went the agitators. They found the senators' boyhood friends and classmates, who also owned bonds. On a certain day (at somebody's great expense) scores of these old comrades were fetched to Washington and carried

to the offices of senators who were still pro-Walsh. Parties and soirées ensued. A nice time was had by all, and the boys from back home talked to the senators. Why take away the meager income of widows? Why not leave the public utilities alone? And so more senators listened to reason.

This gives a clear example of the indirect, back-fire lobby.

Then there is the social lobby, a delicately brutal thing! Here we behold men bedeviled into voting contrary to their convictions. For the most part the social lobby works upon the women and children first. Your little town's big man is elected to Congress, and it may be that his wife is secretly rioting in her heart at the prospect of indulging social desires of long standing. If so, she is likely to be flattered, catered to, presented and otherwise captured by men and women who have as their object a control upon her husband.

A situation arises where votes are hard to command. The congressman's wife hears from important persons at social functions the arguments of the social lobby. Suddenly she is dropped. She finds herself not invited to an affair on which she has set her heart. Madame is crestfallen, humiliated. Worse, her debutante daughter may suffer social ostracism, may find herself unhappy at the very exclusive school. And all this because Father won't vote for that bill which must be all right when so many desirable people are in favor of it. No one knows how many times a badgered statesman yields simply that unity, peace, and concord may continue to abide in his house.

The shyster lobby shop includes the free lances—former members of Congress, discards from the larger lobbies, press agents, political riffraff. Here is a former member of Congress who didn't earn \$5000 a year at home practicing law but who is making \$25,000 in Washington by taking small retainers and fees from country postmasters who have lost stamps and seek to avoid reimbursing the Post Office Department as

stipulated by law; from women seeking pensions without proper credentials; from rural manufacturers who yearn for water concessions from the War Department; from men who have failed to pass civil-service examinations but hope for a place anyway. How can these simple clients know that this quack hasn't much more influence, if any, than one of them would have. He tells the pension seeker that he will have her pension passed by special legislation; that one of his former colleagues in Congress will introduce the bill. How can she know that every congressman has a bale of applications from his own constituents which cannot be passed.

"Here in Washington," said Senator Caraway, whose resolution that all lobbies be registered has been adopted by the Senate, "there are lobbyists who prey on the credulity of those who have an interest in what Congress shall do. They are utterly without influence; they obtain money under false pretenses and in their reports to their unfortunate clients they resort to despicable lying.

"What have these men to sell? Only this: by various methods they learn something of what Congress contemplates doing, and they rush out, consult their sucker-lists and bucket-shop keepers, sell to these gullible ones hopes of realizing something. God knows what."

The question naturally arises: Why, then, hasn't Congress forced the lobbyist to register and give an accounting of his interests and his financial activities?

The answer is evasive. After all men and women have a constitutional right (and should have) to present their views to a congressman, and to speak as vigorously as they choose.

Moreover your lobbyist, they assure you, will not register. He will deny the appellation. Regulatory legislation will simply drive him to more mysterious ways. In New York State there is a lobby-registering law, and there are complaints that it has been flouted. California and Georgia have passed laws calling lobbying a felony; yet there are lobbyists in their capitals.

A Very Private Utopia

Condensed from *The Nation* (May 16, '28)

Stuart Chase

MODERN civilization has nourished a great array of critics. Most of them tell us eloquently what they are against, but only rarely do they tell us what they are for. They are indefatigable in pointing out the shortcomings of society, but they are vague as to available substitutes. From all directions we hear the challenge that *homo sapiens* is only half alive. What does he look like when he is alive?

I have thrown my arrows with the rest. I have called our world ugly, machine-minded, dull, ignorant, and cruel. I have said that the few live precariously, while the many exist, half-dead. It would seem only fair—however dubious the result—to define what I mean when I mark off the quick from the dead.

Perhaps by delimiting the kind of life one personally would like to live, it will be possible to remove the impersonal chill which too often hangs about Utopias. I note, then, that the following things or conditions do, by and large, kill the juices of zestful living, and reduce me to mere existing:

Ill health.

Monotonous work with no discernible goal—such as auditing, indexing, dish-washing.

Eating poor food; eating in ugly places.

Being looked down upon, or laughed at (save for very minor foibles).

The bulk of all business interviews—the juicelessness of the personal contact.

The defacement of natural beauty with billboards, pop stands, etc.

Reading newspapers—save for a tiny fraction of the surface of not more than three of them.

Wearing ugly or uncomfortable clothes as decreed by custom.

Worrying about money.

Being bored with bad plays, concerts, conversations—especially the last.

Being everlastingly hustled around.

Seeing other people bored, unhappy, or in pain. Looking down mean streets and into frowzy windows.

These are some of the chief conditions that take the joy out of my daily life. They consume, at a rough estimate, two-thirds of my waking hours, though the ratio shifts with the seasons, being noticeably worse in winter, and also worse when I am living in the city than in the country. I am dead, I conclude, about two-thirds of the time. I am alive, by and large, under the following conditions:

On encountering a vivid awareness of health.

In pursuing creative work, intellectual or manual. There are definite time limits to both.

Dining well, in comfortable places.

Being looked up to and praised—but the butter must not be spread too thick.

Being with my friends.

Looking at beautiful scenery, beautiful things.

Reading great books, or new and stimulating ideas.

Swimming, dancing, playing tennis, mountain climbing. Watching good sport at not too frequent intervals.

Daydreaming.

Making love spontaneously.

Collecting things. For me, certain sorts of information.

The sensation of being some paces in front of the wolf.

*Home life—in fits and starts.
Kindly casual contacts with strangers.
Keen discussion.
A good fight, not necessarily sanguinary,
in what seems a decent cause.
The sense of being in bodily danger.*

These things seem to mean the good life for me, though to hold that the list is applicable to all is of course ridiculous. What kind of community would I build to increase my living hours? God knows. The difficulty is that the pluses and minuses are never clean-cut emotional states. When one is in abounding health, even filling-station architecture is tolerable. When one sits, like Mr. Polly, athwart a stile, with civil war in his interior, the sunset itself becomes a flat and overestimated spectacle.

Nevertheless, I think that I would be more alive in a community that deliberately fostered the sort of things on the second list; of which good health is probably the most important factor. Fortunately the laws of health are beginning to be understood.

Secondly, I would like to live in a community where beauty abounded; where cities were nobly planned, industrial areas segregated; where great stretches of forest, lake, and mountain were close at hand; where houses and their furnishings were spare and fine and colorful, and there was not a single billboard in a day's march. Cities and houses have been so built.

Thirdly, I would like to live, and to have my neighbors live, free from the fear of want. Such communities have been, but not many of them. Denmark is not far from it today. In America human relationships are poisoned by the suspicion that one is regarded less as a friend than as a means to a profitable end.

Fourthly, I would like to live in a community where I could do the kind of work that is the most fun. Fun for me is economic research and writing about it. In exchange for the fun, the giving of an hour or two a day to the necessary manual work of the world would seem the merest justice. Furthermore, by contrast, it would heighten my fun.

I would like to dress as I pleased, or indeed not to dress at all when the sun was high and the water blue. I should like to experiment with colors and combinations of dress now forbidden. I should like to be able to dance and sing more, play games more, let myself go more. I should like to travel more, visit lost cities and climb in the Andes. It does not do to turn one's back for long on the bright face of danger.

I should like to be a more compelling and less self-conscious lover, but just how a community would proceed to organize great lovers frankly escapes me.

I would like to live in a world where many good books were being published; where good music and plays were just around the corner—without too much standing in line; where arts and crafts were indigenous rather than imitative; and especially, where good conversation abounded. Of all the joys which life has to offer none, for me, can exceed that of keen talk; and nothing is rarer in America today.

Finally, I would like to live where one could take pride in community achievements, match one's art and craftsmanship and sport against a neighbor group; where one could contribute in person to the local theater, the local schools; help to plan a beautiful region and see that plan grow—and so take root in one's own soil, a part of the earth as well as a dreamer in the clouds.

Above all, leisure, leisure, a break in the meaningless urgencies of the twentieth-century pace.

Such a Utopia may be cold to you, but it is not cold to me. How would you change it? Religion, you say, is necessary. Good. Let us have a church with a great nave and a great organ and the sound of vespers across the evening fields. You dislike my games and want other games. Again good. The more games the better so long as we play them ourselves. Add what you please, so long as it does not quench the life of many to make the lives of a few burn with spurious brightness.

My outline of the good life is crude
(Continued on page 172)

America Needs Aristocracy

Condensed from Plain Talk (June, '28)

Will Durant

IT is the essence of an aristocracy that some persons be set aside from their birth to give them the time required for a complete and healthy development of mind and character. Life is too brief for the acquisition of both culture and wealth. It is for humanity's sake that a few should be liberated from the corroding necessities of individual economic strife. Aristocracies, says Taine, are the most precious of nurseries, through which a nation recruits and prepares its statesmen.

What the democrat does not understand is that it takes more time to make a statesman than to make a bootblack. Until recently, England's leaders were trained for public place from their boyhood at home, and then at Eton or Harrow, and then at Oxford or Cambridge, and then by appointment to arduous minor offices. The finest aspect of English civilization, after its passion for liberty, was this dedication of its universities not to the arts of finance and trade, business and commerce, but to the task of preparing the rulers of the empire. And it was men thus trained who lifted little England to the top of the world.

In a democracy it is useless for men to prepare themselves for statesmanship; they have no guarantee, even of the frailest sort, that they will be able to pass the tests of convention, hustings, and polling booth. Rather their training will make them gentlemen and thinkers, men who would find the rough-and-tumble of an election forbiddingly painful. Even in 1830 de Tocqueville, on his second tour of America, wrote despondently: "At the present day the most able men here are rarely placed at

the head of affairs. The race of American statesmen has evidently dwindled most remarkably in the course of the last 50 years." It is fortunate that de Tocqueville cannot see us now.

But granted that aristocracy produces subtler statesmen, men with longer vision and larger plans; what guarantee have we in human nature or in history that this superior skill will be devoted to the public good? Aristocracies have been wont to spend too much of their time unseating rival dynasties or keeping themselves in power, to permit that watchful devotion to the rest of society which characterizes the finest leadership.

Moreover, with its narrow conception of heredity, and its snobbish limitation of marriage, aristocracy degenerates. The Stuarts degenerated, the Bourbons, the Hapsburgs, the Hohenzollerns, the Romanoffs—all degenerated. If anything is clear to us in the history of human rule, it is this principle of disintegration; that aristocracy protects and transmits incompetence, clogs administration with pedigreed imbecility, frustrates untitled talent, and violates the first necessity of a strong and permanent state—that every talent born within it, of whatever rank, shall be developed to maturity, and welcomed to its service. This is the vital truth beneath the forms of democracy: that though men cannot be equal, opportunity can; and that the rights of man are not rights to office and power, but rights to enter every avenue that may test and nourish his fitness for office and power. That is the essence of democracy.

Perhaps if democracy had retained certain features of the old aristocratic

system it might have succeeded in creating a political order far superior to that which we now have. We need aristocracy desperately; but this does not mean that we need to be ruled by counts and dukes; it means we wish to be governed by our ablest men. In every walk of life we meet with men and women trained and equipped for office; but in politics the road is barred. Democracy must open the road.

We must find the good in aristocracy, and weave it into our democratic fabric. Would it be possible to reconcile universal suffrage with the attraction to office of the finest and cleanest men? It is interesting to speculate!

Picture a mayoralty election in 1957. It is still democratic; every man and woman votes. Indeed, it is immeasurably more democratic than our present elections. For today our choice is limited to two or three persons, selected privately by small groups over which we have no control. In this fancied election, choice ranges freely among a hundred candidates.

How did these hundred win a nomination? By faithfulness to the Organization and by wire-pulling? No; they merely announced their candidacy and their purposes, and nothing more. But then is any person free to offer himself as prospective mayor or governor? No—his credentials must present him. For each of these candidates has devoted his life to making himself fit for the office he seeks; he has passed through college with honors, and then through four years of hard and practical training in a School of Political Administration; government

has been a science to learn, not an office to win.

When he has won his way through this training, he is free to enter the polls for the mayoralty of any minor city in the land. If he has served such a town for two terms he may present himself as candidate for the mayoralty of a second-class city. If he has served such a city for two terms he may offer himself for election to the leadership of the largest municipalities. If he has served two terms in one of these, he may offer himself for governor. If he has twice been governor of the same state, he may aspire to be President. Preparation nominates him; and the universities, the finest product of American life, become the nurse and center of our statesmanship. Democracy remains—in elections; aristocracy is joined with it—through the restriction of office to the best; but it is democracy without incompetence or corruption, and an aristocracy without heredity or privilege.

Is it impracticable, idealistic, visionary? What new thing has not been? Already there are Schools of Government in our larger universities, or courses capable of forming the nucleus of such schools; already the hostility to experts begins to break down, and cities like Cleveland have dared to be ruled by specially trained men. It is time to say openly that we will not waste our time voting till it becomes possible to ballot for trained statesmen; time to enfranchise education, to limit office—or nomination, if nomination there must be—to men honorably equipped and trained.

A Very Private Utopia

(Continued from page 170)

enough, but it can be used as a search-light. Swing it where you will. Does this institution, that person, fit in with such a community? The Olympic games would, professional baseball would not; the Lincoln Memorial would, Park Avenue would not; Mr. Chaliapin would, Mr. Shubert would not; Mr. H. G. Wells would, Dr. Frank Crane would not.

Would such a Utopia make you more *alive*? It could not abolish pain, failure in achievement or in love, or even envy—they must remain as long as we are human beings. But it might tend to lessen the surplus of pain and confusion caused by stupidity. It might prepare the way for a maximum of living and a minimum of existing—the life more abundant.

Zionists' Progress in Palestine

Condensed from *Current History* (May, '28)

Owen Tweedy

THE idea of a return to the Land of Israel has been instinctive in Jewry since the first dispersal. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem; let my right hand forget her cunning." It has ever been the ambition of every devout Jew in exile to lie in his coffin with a small packet of Palestinian soil under his head, so that his last resting place should be on the land of his fathers; and throughout the centuries little groups of devoted Jews have migrated to Palestine, where colonies have precariously survived on the sufferance of this or that local authority. In 1880 an organized movement toward Jewish colonization arose, inspired by the energy and generosity of Baron Edmond de Rothschild. His colonists were installed in Palestine as simple peasants; their settlement had no ulterior motive. And therein lies the difference between the Rothschild and the present Zionist programs.

Zionism began in 1897 as an effort to coördinate the actions of Jews into a political movement which would strive to win "a legally secured, publicly recognized home for the Jewish people in Palestine." So great was the perseverance and force of the movement that on November 2, 1917, 20 years later, the British Government, in the Balfour Declaration, expressed its sympathy with "the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people." A month later Lord Allenby captured Jerusalem, and Zionism was free to try out its program.

The work of Jewish consolidation in Palestine depends on three factors: the strong financial support of Jewry throughout the world, the coöperation of Great Britain as mandatory of Pales-

tine, and the economic success of the Jewish immigrants brought to settle on the land.

Zionism has now completed ten years of work in Palestine. It has been pioneering work. What has been sowed? What will be the harvest of the effort of the pioneers?

The present juncture finds Zionism in financial straits and facing critics whose financial help is needed. The criticism, in general, is that its scheme of immigration and its financial policy has been based on a scale too vast for a budget which relied solely on charity. It has acquired at a price much land—some 50,000 acres. It has inaugurated elaborate medical and educational services, of which the latter, for lack of funds, had recently to be curtailed. Its immigrants numbering over 70,000 have too largely (the proportion is four to one) drifted into the urban creation, Tel Aviv, with the result that many, especially among the small capitalist classes, have lost all and are on dole or relief work; while the township itself, with the astounding population of 40,000 souls, is faced with a financial stringency which will for many years cripple its municipality. So far it is not an encouraging account. But a balance can be struck. The Jewish agricultural settlements offset it.

Pioneer work in Palestine on the land is of a type apart. The settlers were guaranteed against the anxiety of yearly deficits in the first years by the assurance of Zionist support behind them. This knowledge eased the first hardships of reclaiming the land allotted to them. But these hardships were very real. The conditions were new, and agricultural life unfamiliar to the majority.

The standards and intellects of the country were strange and far lower than their own. There were places where unsalubrious, waterlogged conditions had to be overcome; in others productivity could be wrung from a stone-bound land only by dogged and dishearteningly hard work. And they themselves were a cosmopolitan "throw-together," lacking homogeneity and a common language, their only bond being a common religion and common ideals. Hebrew has given them a common tongue. They have learned it, and now it is theirs.

The Zionist outlay to start each family stands at about \$5000. But the immigrants are on the land, and the visitor who tours the new land comes away with the impression that the families are well and truly founded. His second impression will be a recognition of the far-sighted policy of establishing practical agricultural schools for expert training of Jewish youth on Palestinian standards. His third and most vivid impression will be one of wonder at the social organization that has sprung up.

There are two social systems, known as the *Kevuzah* and the *Moshavim*. Of the 28 Zionist colonies, 17 have adopted the first system. A *Kevuzah* colony believes in the general ownership of all. Each adult gives unpaid his or her labor in return for free food, lodging, clothes and medical care. Work is unspecialized, and each in turn assumes duties as diversified as stock raising, plowing and harvesting, poultry or bee keeping, horticulture and viticulture, cooking and washing. The married couples have their own quarters, and the unmarried their dormitories by sexes. The children are also separately housed, though they are not removed from touch with their parents who see them daily much as other parents see their children. The child thus receives a much better start in life than the parent under pioneer conditions could possibly give it. At the school stage their education begins in three languages, English, Hebrew and Arabic, and from this they graduate

into the practical work of the farm among their elders. The system is an interesting social experiment, designed especially to meet the initial problems of pioneer settlement.

In the remaining 11 colonies, organized as *Moshavim*, each individual settler is supplied by Zionist credit with house and land and necessary equipment. The house and land are his to possess as soon as he has repaid the Zionist outlay. Material and stores are bought coöperatively to assist economy, and the selling of the produce of the colony is similarly organized. Each *Moshav* has its own school, hospital, blacksmith and wheelwright. There is community of interest, but individualism of effort and independence in result. The *Moshav* colonies seem to be becoming more rapidly self-supporting, and have the advantage of fitting into an existing social system which will save them many problems which will assail the *Kevuzah* colonies in time.

Since Zionism is confessedly a political movement aiming at legal recognition of Jewish national rights in Palestine, Arab sentiment has naturally been violently against it. But the higher standards of the Jews are already appealing to the Arab population as worthy of their attention. Five years ago no Jew dared show his face in the Moslem stronghold of Nablus; today he can live there in peace. On the other side, the idea of Arabs frequenting the purely Jewish Tel Aviv was unheard of; but today Jewish hotels of the town boast Arab habitués. In the recent earthquake Nablus suffered terribly. There was danger of famine, and the first succor came from Tel Aviv. The gesture was genuine and greatly impressed the Moslems.

For two accomplishments, realized in astoundingly short time, the credit goes to Zionism. Hebrew is now a living language and a national bond of Jewry. And the Jewish colonies have "found themselves" and are established as living Palestinian entities in the Land of Promise.

Drawing the Serpent's Sting

Condensed from The Independent (April 28, '28)

Afranio do Amaral

SNAKES are seldom seen by tourists in the tropical Americas, since they are curiously shy and retiring. Nevertheless, snakes do exist in large numbers, and when the jungle is being cleared, and when plantations are being cleaned, they are come on frequently. For this reason alone the problem of their control is one of vital interest to every organization which employs great numbers of men in jungle labor.

The fer-de-lance in most places is the most common and surely the most dreaded of all tropical American vipers. Usually vicious, at best of very uncertain temper, this species is a constant menace to the barefooted laborer. Other vipers occur, scarcely less dreaded, some living on the ground and others in shrubs and even in high trees. The great bush master and the Central American rattlesnake are fortunately so rare that while they are excessively dangerous they play but an unimportant part as the cause of snake bite. This applies likewise to the whole group of coral snakes. There are more than 30 of these, all potentially extremely dangerous but usually mild in disposition. With small mouths and short fangs, it is only occasionally that they do harm. This is fortunate, for it would be hard to get enough coral-snake venom to immunize horses and so prepare an antivenin.

It is interesting to note that the venom of coral snakes causes death from paralysis of the nervous system, as is the case, for instance, with the Indian cobra; whereas most vipers cause death by the destruction and breaking down of tissues, especially the blood. The tropical rattler is unique in that its

poison is selective for the optic nerve and blindness comes on almost at once.

It is the barelegged laborer working with his *machete* to whom the snake is a constant menace. And to offset this danger the United Fruit Company three years ago embarked on a comprehensive antislake-bite campaign, in coöperation with the Harvard Museum of Comparative Zoölogy and the Antivenin Institute of America, in the organization of which I have recently been interested.

First a snake census was undertaken on some of the Company's plantations in Honduras. News was passed around that any laborer who caught or killed a snake of any kind would be paid for it if turned in to the various collecting stations. The hunt went on from July, 1924, to October, 1925, and when the final results were tabulated, 3438 specimens had been collected from the Tela district alone, of which about 20 percent were dangerous. These returns justified the beginning of an organization, and Mr. Douglas Marsh was placed in charge of an experimental station near Tela. Here, in the gorgeously beautiful Lantilla valley, a research laboratory and "serpentarium" have been built.

Under roofs of manaca palm leaves, which give the coolest and most pleasing shade, many small celotex huts have been made as hiding places for the poisonous species, which are largely nocturnal. Here may be seen the fer-de-lance of all sizes: young, just born,—and even then capable of giving a deadly bite,—and others of all sizes up to massive creatures six or seven feet long. Many other brilliantly colored and strikingly interesting species may be seen in the

observation house, where they are kept in glass cages.

The initial steps to protect the bare-footed laborer are taken here. The snake is snared and lassoed, its head pressed down to the ground, then it is seized by the neck and presented with a glass cup upon which is stretched a thin rubber covering. Into this, without more ado, it immediately sinks its fangs. The sides of the head are then gently massaged to force out all of the poison. The fresh venom appears as a thin viscous fluid about the consistency of the white of an egg, but distinctly more yellowish. When a considerable quantity of venom has been extracted it is placed in a centrifuge which whirls so rapidly that stray gland cells and blood corpuscles may be separated out and absolutely pure venom obtained. This is then carefully dried and turns to small amberlike crystals; and in this form it will keep indefinitely and may be shipped far and wide.

The next step is at the laboratory of the Antivenin Institute of America at Glenolden, Pennsylvania, where the venom is redissolved and by several technical operations its potency standardized so that the dosage may be most accurately graduated. A known weight of standard venom is then injected into a horse, which has likewise been weighed, the first dose being so small as to cause no reaction whatever. Now the dosage is very gradually increased, the tolerance of the horse slowly increasing step by step. Finally, when the horse has received literally almost enough venom to destroy a whole company of men, blood is drawn off and the serum is separated from the red corpuscles and other elements. This is then again standardized, sterilized, and concentrated by a series of processes requiring the highest degree of skill and scientific precision, and finally it is placed in tiny syringes ready for its life-saving work.

This year some 6000 doses have been prepared for North American use. Next year 20,000 will be available, and in five years the production may perhaps

reach 40,000 units, for, with the increase in motor camping and hiking and the generally increasing tendency of everyone to get out of doors, snake bite is actually increasing in North America. Indeed, there were 40 cases of copperhead bite this year in Pennsylvania alone, and some 250 cases of rattlesnake bite, mostly in Texas, have already been reported as treated with antivenin. Of these but five died, one an infant and the others all young people who were treated too late.

A serum for veterinary use is also being prepared, for in some parts of this country live stock not infrequently suffer death, to the great financial loss of the owners.

The American antivenin is polyvalent—that is, active against all the rattlesnakes, the copperhead, and the cottonmouth moccasin; while fortunately the product secured from the *fer-de-lance* is active against most of the common tropical vipers.

In Brazil snake bite used to be fearfully common. Now thousands of lives have been saved by its famous laboratory at Butantan and the widespread distribution of antivenin. The Tela Snake Farm is based on this experience, and is in line with the effort of the United Fruit Company to clean up the tropics. Great sums have been spent in fighting yellow fever, malaria, dysentery, and hookworm. Much has been accomplished, and much still remains to be done. But whatever the success of campaigns against these several diseases, nothing is more sure than that the danger from snake bite is almost nil when antivenin is used.

Only those who have seen antivenin administered even after unavoidable delay and the recovery take place can appreciate the almost miraculous effect of this cure. When one realizes that, if there is recovery without antivenin, gangrene and sloughing of the tissues may be a painful sequel for months, and that with antivenin swift and clear recovery is assured, the gratitude of the patient may be left to the imagination.

Minister Or Business Executive?

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (June, '28)

James Brett Kenna

I ENTERED the ministry because I believed that the Church, despite its defects, was the best medium for spreading the message of Jesus. I have passionately wanted to think of it as a spiritual force, helping men to live adequately and happily. As a leader in it I should be spending enough time alone to enrich my own religious life. I ought to have time for intimate personal contact with people who are going through crises when they need sympathetic understanding. I ought never to enter my pulpit without saying something which is the result of sufficient study to make it helpful.

Yet I see myself inevitably becoming little more than the well-paid executive of a business organization with a property investment of half a million dollars. My average day is something like this. I am usually at the church office by eight-thirty, where my secretary lays on my table a batch of opened mail that will take me an hour and a half to read and answer. It deals with a variety of subjects, from a request for an outline of a sermon I preached two weeks ago to a letter from a woman begging me to ask from the pulpit for eye-witnesses to an accident in which her husband was killed.

A card on my office door says that the pastor is at study from ten to twelve and does not wish to be disturbed. But in this morning's period I had several visitors on "urgent" matters, and conducted a funeral. Tomorrow's schedule substitutes a ministerial meeting for the funeral. The first hour and a half after lunch is the period when I welcome callers on every sort of business. I suspect that most of whatever service I

render to my people is done in this open hour when those who have reached the end of their string sometimes drop in to tell me about it. From two-thirty on I make calls (imagine Jesus efficiently packing five calls in two and a half hours!) and reach home in time to dress for a dinner business meeting.

That is one day. Other days vary somewhat with the activities of a modern preacher's life. Last year, for instance, I held 76 funerals and officiated at more than 100 weddings, made 33 addresses in church beside my usual three a week, and spoke 54 times outside the church. I attended, also, 36 trustee meetings during the year, when we attacked the financial problem of the church.

That brings me to the heart of my protest: one-third of my time and energy is occupied with the financial program. Bad management?—perhaps. Yet money, \$100,000 annually, has to come into my church, and individuals are not free with money for something which cannot be touched and handled. It is for me a tormenting thought that one-third of my energy goes to the job of coaxing money out of men's pockets.

Don't misunderstand me. I don't spend a third of my time urging people to give, or making impassioned pulpit appeals. There may have been a time when preachers did that. We have more finesse now. The work has a psychology all its own. Hence the emphasis on material things, social activities of the church, the music, the maintenance of a certain missionary in a certain region. Hence the church's insistence upon its social value—"What

would your property be worth if there were no churches in town?" That is why, let no one forget it, ministers like me write to their flocks the letters which delight Sinclair Lewis.

Now the trouble is that I do not believe the value of a church to its people is tangible, and I find myself objecting more violently each year to having to substitute tangible assets for that intimate and intangible thing which Jesus called "abundant life." I grow increasingly sick of stirring up sentiment for social activities, choir robes, or the efforts of a girl in Singapore—and especially that cheapest of all tangibles, the effect of the church on property valuation.

The worst of it is that I see no way to stop. The church is caught in the American habit of gauging success by the spectacular. A successful church, like a successful furniture shop, is the one which has the biggest establishment, offers the biggest assortment of wares, and affords the biggest income.

Is such a program likely to spread the message of One who said, "Lay up your treasure in heaven" and "The kingdom of heaven is within you"? Who among us has time to amass inner treasure? We are charged with the responsibility of a big organization, and the most we can do toward increasing the spiritual treasure of our parishes is to make our public addresses tend in that direction.

Lack of time for study is not our only handicap. When we rise to deliver such addresses as we have managed to prepare, we face a group of people without a unified faith. A part of the audience is young, prides itself on knowing no theology, will not tolerate cant, and makes fine sport of emotionalism. Some of it is old and tolerant of nothing but the familiar old phraseology which has become invested with a supernatural power and sanctity. Upon our ability to attract the young people depends the future of the church; upon our ability to please and attract the loyalty of the middle-aged and old depends its present financial health.

There we are, we who rise to preach the message of One who seemed able to tolerate every human weakness but hypocrisy. No wonder we try to be tactful, even though our critics call us hypocrites, or, if they know Menckene, "morons dealing out buncombe for the sake of a safe little job." Few go back of the individual preacher, and let fly their satire at the situation itself.

Perhaps the solution for the minister is to go into some small parish where there is no anxiety for expansion. Some few such parishes do exist. But that is an individual solution for an individual problem, and does not attack the real problem, which is: how can we live and proclaim the great fact of "more abundant life" without building about it an organization which becomes complex and cumbersome, and chokes the precious thing we seek.

I am not a religious anarchist. A nation which organizes in minute detail everything from the production of toothpicks to the educational system cannot be expected not to organize Christianity.

Yet, if we cannot do without organization altogether, neither can we go on indefinitely elaborating organization on the pattern of an industrial concern. I am becoming distrustful of the plan advocated by many churchmen and formerly by myself—the employment of business managers. I have no doubt that a business manager could put his whole heart into his particular work and would more than pay for himself in increased subscriptions and memberships. But he would add to the business machinery which is already top-heavy in the church scheme. After him the next logical addition would be a publicity director, and after that, perhaps, a personnel expert. Such an office staff could efficiently conduct a business routine. It would hardly be fair to expect it to specialize in reflecting the spirit of One who was primarily interested in the hopes and sorrows, loves and hates, radiant aspirations and petty meannesses of the emotional life.

Many troubled souls like myself are wondering where to turn!

Garden Cities of Great Britain

Condensed from The American Review of Reviews (June, '28)

Harlean James

THE civilized countries are every year becoming more completely urbanized. Into areas which once housed only a handful of persons, thousands of homes and factories are now crowded. Countries where the congestion is greatest have been obliged to seek ways and means of bettering living and working conditions which sap the vigor of the people.

Nowhere is the problem more acute than in Great Britain. Here, within an area about the size of Oregon, there is a population of 45,000,000 people. All of England is only a little larger than the State of New York, yet, besides Greater London, England has nearly 40 cities of over 100,000, whereas in New York there are only six.

Some 40 years ago a young Englishman, Ebenezer Howard, looking about him at the unsanitary slums which had sprung up in these crowded industrial centers, came to the conclusion that there was no reason why industries should be crowded together in cities. He believed that workers could live in better towns than London, Birmingham, or Liverpool, where they would not have to travel long distances to the factories, and where each family could have a comfortable home and a garden. When Bellamy's *Looking Backward* was published, he decided to put his ideas into practice, and shortly formed "The Garden City Association."

Mr. Ralph Neville, K. C., took the chairmanship at an early date, and Mr. Thomas Adams, well known to American city planners, became the first secretary. It was this movement that stimulated Mr. George Cadbury and Mr. William Lever to build garden homes

for the workers in their factories at Bournville and Port Sunlight.

From these beginnings grew The First Garden City, Limited, and in 1905 the first Garden City, Letchworth, was begun. In 1926 this city celebrated its twenty-first anniversary. Sir Ebenezer Howard had been privileged to see the realization of his dream—an independent self-contained garden city which was not a suburban sleeping place for workers in metropolitan factories.

The original prospectus stated that Letchworth was to be limited to a population of 30,000 and that the greater portion of the town area was to be kept in agricultural land. A modest investment of 40,000 pounds was subscribed by the pioneers, with provision that the dividends of shareholders were to be limited to 5 percent. The outstanding features of this town were the limitation of the population, scientific planning, limitation of the number of houses to the acre, provision for a wide belt of agricultural land surrounding the town, to be free for all time from town development.

There are now 1700 shareholders in the company; the space occupied by the town comes to 1500 acres, the agricultural belt to 3000 acres. The population is now about 14,000. Not more than 500 of these work outside the town.

In 1926 there were 3248 houses, 155 shops and stores, 44 public buildings, and 97 factories and workshops. There are 13 schools, and 30 miles of improved roads. Outdoor sports, and cultural advantages, such as drama groups, are an important part of the life at Letchworth. The town is situated 35 miles from London. The earlier cottages

were free-standing, but later groups of four and six were joined. Some are one story, some two, but all provide comfortable living quarters, a bathroom, and garden space.

For the first few years, as in any commercial subdivision, no dividends were declared. Since then dividends have been slowly climbing, till in 1923 the maximum of 5 percent was paid to shareholders.

As the financial and social success of Letchworth became assured, and the population continued to grow, it was determined not to push success too far by allowing it to grow too large. Accordingly, a second Garden City was founded—Welwyn.

In the eight years since its founding, Welwyn has attracted a population of 6500 people. In 1921 the taxable value of the parish was 4749 pounds; by 1926 this had grown to 38,899 pounds, and a number of industries have located there.

The architecture of the houses shows the result of planning an entire street at one time, with well proportioned houses and winding roads. In addition to spaces for golf, football, hockey, baseball, and cricket, there is the agricultural belt surrounding the town. Schools are being built, and there are churches representing the Church of England, the Roman Catholic, the Society of Friends, and a Free Church. There is a Rotary Club.

There are excellent advantages in art, music, and drama. A handsome theater, designed by Welwyn architects, built by Welwyn builders, with Welwyn bricks, steel and concrete, seating 1200 people, has been opened. Welwyn has been selected as a center of film production, and this theater will be used to "try out" many pictures. The local amateurs last year won the Belasco Cup in New York in a contest with amateurs in the United States.

A unique institution are the Welwyn Stores, which provide for shopping and marketing. Any inhabitant may become a member by subscribing for one

share of one pound. No one may hold more than 200 shares. The profits, after paying dividends of 7 percent, are devoted to public purposes. Everything which is bought in Welwyn is bought from the Stores, food, clothing, furniture, and building material. They are a sort of cross between the old-fashioned country store, and a modern department store, and the prices are lower than in neighboring towns.

It may be said that 20,000 people in two garden cities do not make much of a demonstration. But these self-contained Garden Cities depend for their existence upon the establishment of industries, and industry has "had to be shown." When once the conservation of energy for the employes is recognized, the process of decentralization will accelerate.

A multiplication of these self-contained Garden Cities placed as satellites around the great metropolitan centers would distribute the population and avoid congested industrial districts. The Garden Cities offer living and working conditions calculated to build up the people physically, socially, and spiritually.

Judging by the expression of opinion on the part of English planners, Great Britain has something to learn from America. But we in America have much to learn from Great Britain. The most acute evils in British cities have grown out of congestion and lack of planning. In the United States we may save the social and economic cost of expensive cures if we adopt preventive measures before it is too late.

The English Garden Cities are on a small scale, but they have a sound record of achievement. They show one effective way to decentralize. They offer standards of living which preserve contact with the open country for families of modest means. They provide for employment near home. They minimize long, futile journeys from home to work. They offer the peace of the countryside for the restlessness of the congested city.

The American Grand Orchestra

Condensed from The Century Magazine (June, '28)

Charles Edward Russell

ONE of the vagaries of the American about which all visitors have been agreed is that he had no art. God in his wisdom had so fashioned the American that he was congenitally incapable of art. Yet something incomprehensible has happened of late. European critics have discovered that the American grand orchestra in the average excellence of its performances, is unequalled by an average excellence elsewhere. Truly if Uncle Shylock turns to play the rôle of *Orpheus* and plays it rather well, here is something to make men stare and mutter.

Considering our population and our wealth, it is not wonderful that we have 51 major organizations discoursing heavenly harmony. Austria has 21, England 19, Germany 19, France 11. What is truly remarkable in our country is that the interest in orchestral music is so widely spread, so evenly developed, and so rapidly increasing.

Of the 51 grand orchestras here counted in the United States, 12 are of the first rank and would be so deemed anywhere. With the exception of three orchestras on the continent of Europe, these 12 have in this world no fellows. They dot the map from ocean to ocean—Boston, New York (two—to be consolidated), Philadelphia, Detroit, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Los Angeles; 11 cities, each the happy possessor of a magnificent orchestra and therefore a dynamic center of musical influence and inspiration.

The glory of these is well known and a national asset. What is not so well known, though at least as much of a national asset, is that in a host of cities

east and west, north and south, are orchestras capable of rendering competently the standard classical symphonies in full-toned dimensions, spreading the musical gospel among millions of people.

Some of these orchestras have regular routes of travel in addition to the home concert series. A few, like those of Minneapolis and Kansas City, visit every year 40 or 50 communities where they do tutoring and seed-planting. For it is a singular fact that any community that hears an orchestra five times immediately desires one of its own. Another astonishing thing is the high average of the music played everywhere—even at what are called "popular" concerts. According to last season's programs the most popular music in America was Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony" and Mozart's "Jupiter."

If education, training and a disclosed avidity have any meaning, America is hardly at the threshold of her real musical status. Another generation ought to eclipse anything previously achieved, because the public school is becoming the nation-wide nursery of musical interest and musical talent. Unnoted by most of us, this work has already gone far. How long is it since the sum of the musical interest in even the best public schools was represented by one ancient piano and some graceless vocalization forced upon rebellious victims? Today hundreds of schools, high, intermediate and even elementary, have their student orchestras. Not perfunctory string-scrappers either, but complete orchestras that prefer difficult classical compositions.

To such importance has this branch

of education grown that we now have a new executive in our public schools—the Music Supervisor. It sounds preposterous, but seems to be a fact, that there are more than 1000 students in New York City preparing themselves for this career. Whereupon the size of this revolution begins to be evident, for New York is not by any means the only place where such instruction can be acquired.

It has been estimated that of the 26,000,000 children in our schools, at least 13,000,000 are now studying music—as a school subject. That last clause is worth an emphasis. It means that they study music as a subject and get major credits for it as an essential of education; and many educators hold that few studies are of more practical value in developing and training the mind than is music. Here is a change indeed.

Already in many cities there are annual interscholastic contests among orchestras. In Minneapolis recently six high schools competed, each playing a standard concerto with a soloist developed in the school. In March, 1927, occurred the Final All-City Original Composition Contest among students of the high schools. Sixteen pupils competed, performing their own compositions, boys and girls. It was enough to make a dreamer see the heavenly gates. There is no question that the average was exceedingly high. The judges had a difficult task.

Then they have memory contests from time to time; teams from the schools chosen after the manner of contestants in track athletics. I attended one in Chicago. Blank ballots were provided and the contestants must fill these with the character of the piece played, the number of beats to the measure, the nationality of the music, the name of the instrument on which a solo part was played, and then identify eight swiftly succeeding compositions, name the author of each and his country. Only eight to twelve bars of each composition were played. The Chicago Orchestra Hall was packed; 19 schools

from outside towns were having their periodical contest. The moment a phrase ended one could hear the busy pencils scratching. Some of the tests would have boggled adult concert-goers. But not these children! When their papers came in they seemed too good to be true. Evanston High School won by a narrow margin—191 points out of a possible 195. Three perfect papers were handed in by this team.

Nearly all the great orchestras now give special concerts for children. When Walter Damrosch inaugurated such things about 45 years ago he was hailed as a musical lunatic. Now, by invitation, he has inaugurated similar concerts in London. Detroit children are given tickets to concerts as prizes for the best records in their classes. It appears that no other incentive to diligence has equalled this.

There is still one other phase of these entrancing speculations. For some time thoughtful educators have been worried about the over-developed competitive athletics in our schools. Now to suggest that the combative instincts of our race can ever be satisfied by substituting contests in music for contests in brawn seems something to provoke wild, hilarious and inextinguishable laughter. Yet there are educators to whom it does not seem in the least crazy, and others that, observing how in their schools the interscholastic music meet excites as much interest in the student as the interscholastic track meet, remember in their prayers the Music Supervisor and his work.

But to return now to the peculiar love of Uncle Shylock for music. All his adventures in music are on the red side of the balance sheet. As a business enterprise every one of them is a ghastly failure, losing annually, perhaps, anywhere from \$100,000 to \$500,000 apiece. The public raises the deficits.

What are we to expect 30 years from now, with the schools adding every year perhaps a million persons to those who know and desire the high forms of musical art. Land of the Dollar? Or Land of Great Music?

The Air Industry—Hot

Condensed from *The Saturday Evening Post* (May 5, '28)

Gilbert Seldes

A NOBLEMAN from across the sea had been invited to spread his gospel in America and had received from his manager here a choice of contracts. Under one he was to receive 50 percent of the earnings of the tour and had all railroad and hotel bills paid; under the other, his percentage was 75, but he must pay his own bills. The nobleman took the second offer and a few weeks later a distinguished American received a letter. In it the nobleman told of his American tour and added: "As you know, I have a morbid fear of large hotels. Will you therefore see that I am invited to stay at private homes in the following cities?" And he appended a complete itinerary of his tour. The uncouth American did as he was asked. In his rough American way, he did not even inform the visitor that Americans also have a morbid fear of large hotels at \$25 a day.

It would, of course, be wrong to imply that enormous fees attract Europeans. A speaker with a reputation, delivering four or five lectures a week, can clear \$25,000 or \$30,000 in a six-month season here—but nearly everyone knows that the money doesn't count. They come here to explain their philosophy or their art. The money that is forced on them by Americans is often an acute embarrassment, and several of them, after returning to their homes, have written despairingly of the way Americans measure all things by money.

Only the other day a genuine prince came to this country to lead an orchestra in a benefit performance. But when he arrived he announced that since Americans did not understand doing anything except for money, he was going to bow

to the custom of the country—much against his will, of course—and give the concert on a regular paying basis.

An American manager contracted with a well-known British statesman to give a series of lectures in America at a flat rate—and a good one—per lecture. For the first 21 appearances of the tour the lecturer did not draw; and the manager made up a heavy loss from his own pocket. The 22nd night brought an overflowing crowd and at 8:25 in the evening the lecturer, peeking from the wings and rapidly calculating the value of the house, declared he would not go on unless his fee was raised.

Europeans are brought over here to lecture to America and a great many of them—owing to lack of acquaintance with the language—think this means "to lecture Americans." Americans have been lectured by foreigners for generations and have taken the lecturing with a meekness unsuspected in our national character.

The Americans, however, brought the lecturing business on themselves. They practically invented it. It began a century ago as one of the manifestations of the New England mania for self-improvement. Daniel Webster was the first president of the Boston Lyceum. Ralph Waldo Emerson received \$15 a lecture at a time when no one else got more than ten and, in addition, thought four quarts of oats for his horse ought to be thrown in. In Emerson's lifetime two men consolidated the lecturing business—James Redpath and James B. Pond. A few years after Emerson's death, Henry M. Stanley, the explorer, received \$110,000 for 110 successive lectures.

A large agency conservatively estimates that 25,000,000 people in the United States pay to hear lectures each year. This figure fails to include luncheon clubs, conventions, and thousands of other gatherings where people listen to unpaid guest speakers. Some 27,000 paid speeches are made each year. Fees range from \$50—domestic products—to \$2000 or so a night—titled imported goods. "Why do they go?" I asked a manager.

"To see someone they've heard about. Stop the individual members of the audience at the door, and ask each one what the subject of tonight's speech is going to be—99 out of 100 will not know and will not care. Lecture-going is a kind of lion hunting. The audience goes to see the speaker and to hear his voice, not to hear what he says. If they want to know what the lecturer has to say, in five cases out of six, they can read his books. Almost every lecturer has put what he has to say into books. But that doesn't satisfy. The people want to see the great man."

A lecturer who can count on 200 listeners in Vienna gets 2000 here. A second-rate reputation is as good as a first if it is attended with enough publicity. A lecturer's reputation can be made overnight by starting a controversy. The arriving lecturer makes a statement which is hostile to the accepted morality of America, the newspapers feature it, and the tour is a success. If it flags midway the lecturer denounces somebody in the public eye or somehow makes what publicity men call a tie-up with something in the news.

A English novelist who lectures here selects two or three American writers—sympathetic to himself, or imitators—and praises them, damning all the others, delicately suggesting that our fiction is only a bypath of the great English road—on which, by the way, his own work is at least a milestone. His latest novel—which, by coincidence, comes out the day he begins his tour—makes the list of

best sellers and he goes home with inflated royalties in addition to his fees. If he doesn't expect to return he writes a book for English consumption, telling "the truth" about America; if he has a return engagement he either delays the book or mingles the sweet with the sour.

The appetite for lecturing in America is enormous. One agency receives about 3000 requests for dates each season—from people who want to speak. The rewards are not to be despised. A former President of the United States delivered 168 lectures in one year and cleared \$65,000; a popular humorist netted \$40,000 in the brief span of 17 weeks.

The moment a man achieves fame he is captured by an agency. For example, there is a college professor who was known one year to perhaps a thousand students. He wrote a book which became famous and immediately was called on to lecture eight times a week for four months, his income in that period probably equaling his professorial income in the last 16 years.

Nor is it to be omitted that in almost every case the lecture tour keeps alive interest in the book or work which originally made the man known. The total benefit far exceeds the actual fees paid; and there is one other point which makes lecturing such a delightful occupation. Most lecturers have one favorite speech. Once they have committed it to paper or to memory, they have nothing to do 21 hours a day, and they get about a week's pay for the hours which the lecture consumes.

We turn naturally to foreigners. Whether they are authorities or not, they come heralded by announcements of their greatness. They are strange, different from ourselves, have standards unknown to us. We pay two dollars a seat, and the speaker feels the need of giving us our money's worth. No matter what he says, women will flutter around him at the end of the lecture and ask him to come to tea.



Who Are the Gipsies?

Condensed from McClure's Magazine (June, '28)

Konrad Bercovici

IN the year 1417 there appeared in Germany a horde of men, sun-burned, dressed in rags of all colors, followed by women dressed even more immodestly than the men, who thronged the roads and invaded vociferously the homes of people, spreading terror everywhere and begging or stealing everything they saw. Their leaders bore letters from the Emperor Sigismund and other princes permitting them to pass unhindered through towns and provinces. These people never remained long in any one place. Passing rapidly over a village, like colorful birds of prey, they would split into separate bands, going in different directions, trailing after them the native floating population raised like dust by flapping wings. They formed huge flocks, a plague upon the huts and houses which they robbed while their owners were in the fields.

At the fairs, while the men bartered and swindled the women practiced sorcery upon credulous peasant wives, skillfully emptying their purses.

When questioned the strangers claimed they hailed from Lower Egypt, that they had been condemned to a seven-year exile to atone for a sin committed by their ancestors who had refused to accept the Virgin Mary and her Holy Son at the time of their flight into Egypt. The peasants regarded them with such superstition that they considered it a crime to do violence to the Gipsies and left them to rob and cheat without hindrance.

A year later these bands appeared in Switzerland. In 1422 they appeared in Italy, pretending to be on their way to visit the Pope. So great was the hysteria they created there by their sorcery

and miracles that their mere passing awakened the paganism dormant in the peasants and shattered the fundamental teachings of the Church. In 1427 they appeared in France with letters from the Pope who ordered his bishops to help them with money and forbade anybody to lay hands on the poor repentant sinners, even when caught cheating or robbing. In 1447 they appeared in Spain, associated themselves with wandering kettle-menders and coppersmiths, and caused such trouble that Ferdinand and Isabella issued an edict ordering that the "Egyptians" either settle down and work or be expelled from the country.

In 1880 Grellmann, a German philologist, found that a third of the words of the Gipsy language were of Hindu origin, and thought that these wanderers known over the world as Cincani, Zigeuner, Gipsies, Cygans, Cigano, Bohemians, and to themselves as *Roms*, came from the home of the Djatt tribe, which lives near the mouth of the Indus River in India. Later philologists have agreed that the Calo or Gipsy language shares descent, with other neo-Hindu dialects, from Sanskrit.

The Gipsies today count close to a million. You find them everywhere—driving automobiles in America, on foot in England, on donkeys in Arabia, everywhere in Spain, in caravans in Roumania, Hungary, the Tyrol, Switzerland, beside the fjords in Sweden and Norway, bartering with Laplanders, trading with fishermen on the coasts of France and Spain, occupying whole sections of Russia, Egypt, Palestine and Italy. Infiltrating everywhere, but allowing little infiltration from the out-

side. Despised, yet considering themselves above all other nations—purer, cleaner, healthier, wiser, a race of kings and queens with no peers on earth.

Grouped separately, power within power, a wheel within a wheel, they are led by their own rulers and judged by their own laws. Accepting any faith, any religion because they have inwardly rejected them all long ago, they are unwilling to suffer any pain or shed any blood for things that do not concern them. Unlike thousands of Jews, not one Gypsy died at the hands of the Spanish Inquisition. No Gypsy ever died voluntarily for a principle. Only absence of freedom kills them. Catholics here, Methodists there, Greek Orthodox in that country, they are actually unchanged from what they were centuries ago.

No people have suffered more than they. None have been worse treated. Yet they have brought to the world their gifts of Gypsy music, Gypsy songs, Gypsy dances, Gypsy color and rhythm. They are still the gayest, most light-hearted people in the world. They can sing and dance under all circumstances. And they are free. Instead of imitating the other people, they are being imitated now by all those who want to snatch an hour's happiness and freedom from the woefully civilized trap in which we live.

A Gypsy legend relates that in the beginning Gipsies were birds, flying, with the change of seasons, from country to country. Then once, after a great hunger, they came upon a region fat with grain, and there, swooping down, they ate themselves so full that they were too heavy to rise on their wings again. Here they stayed day after day, till they could only hop instead of flying. When the cold winds began to blow, they could not fly away, and so began to use their wings to gather the grain together and store it into holes. And so, gradually, the wings became arms and hands.

We are birds. Our arms are two stilted wings. We can never see a mountain without desiring to climb to the top. But we cannot fly. We must crawl up there.

The Calo people, the Gipsies, will get their wings back some day.

A wedding ceremony teaches something of their way of life.

Picture a large camp-fire within a circle of tents and wagons. The women, old and young, occupy one-half the circle, the men the other. On a heap of rugs and skins sit the bridal couple.

The father of the groom is still wrangling with the mother of the bride as to how much he must pay. The men, including the father and brothers of the bride, side against the women. The women retort with jibes against the men. It looks as if it might come to blows. Yet it is just a manner of play, a chance to air domestic quarrels.

"What woman is worth as much as is paid for her—"

"No matter how much a man pays for a woman, he is cheating—"

The discussion goes on for hours, though the price has actually been agreed on long before. Bride and groom have little interest in the altercation. Suddenly the quarrel comes to an end. The oldest of the tribe is speaking to the groom:

"Swear that you will leave this woman as soon as you discover you no longer love her!"

And after the groom has taken that oath, the woman also swears that she will leave him as soon as she discovers that she no longer loves him.

Then they are made into blood friends. A little cut is made on the left wrist of the man and on the right wrist of the woman. Their hands are tied together in such a way that the two bloods mingle. No matter what happens afterward, whether they live together for life or for only a year, they belong to one another, are brother and sister.

The two words *duty* and *possession* have no meaning among the Gipsies. They are replaced by *love* and *freedom*.

Worldly goods you possess, own you and destroy you. Love must be like the blowing wind. Capture the wind and it becomes stale. Open tents, open hearts. Let the wind blow.

Thus runs a Gypsy song.

The Hot Dog Trail

Condensed from *The Woman's Journal* (May, '28)

Anne O'Hagan

TWENTY years ago it was a peaceful little town decorously busy about its own affairs. I revisited it last summer, and while still at a distance began to be welcomed—Ten Miles From Ye Sign of Ye Copper Kettle. There were Dans and Bobs and Eddies whose grounds were hospitably given over to Tents for Tourists, Cots for Campers, and Heys—Are—You—Hungry-s? Where firs had once come down in serried ranks to the road had arisen little shacks by the dozen, with flamboyant signs proclaiming their advantages to overnight travelers.

The whole road had become a market-way, and one of almost incredible tastelessness, of optical vociferousness and negligible veracity! One gathered that there was nothing left in that whole country that was not stridently for sale.

Everywhere the native population has borrowed a page from the primers of the national advertisers. When good roads bring a motor-ambulatory public, Aunt Jane with her waffles, and Hot Dog Ike with his sustaining packers' products, know exactly how to go about advertising their wares. Nor does the farmer's wife with coffee and doughnuts to sell scruple to follow the tactics of the tire manufacturer, and to erect a great "Stop" sign a hundred yards each side of her stand, duplicating the State Highway signs of danger ahead.

It was unfortunate that this new crop of home-made advertisers should have begun to bloom just when some impression was beginning to be made by the embattled women's clubs on the billboard advertisers—for improvement there was, even though it was not always very noticeable. The almost impercep-

tible betterment was due to many things. For example a newspaper dispatch in 1924 read: "Motor club men in the night tear down 1000 billboards, saving the beauty of the Ute Pass." That must have been a relief to surcharged feelings! Less drastic was the foundation, in 1924, of a research fund of \$3500 by the Wisconsin Poster Association toward better outdoor advertising. The action of rotary clubs, town councils, and state legislatures has helped, as has the enlightened self-interest of advertisers; but the women's clubs have led the way.

"The restricting of billboards to commercial districts has struck a responsive chord in the hearts of the greatest national firms, and highway billboards are being discontinued annually by the thousands," says Mrs. Lawton, Committee chairman of the Federated Women's Clubs. Another organization reports a list of 141 advertisers who agree that business can succeed without using the landscape for advertising; some of them have already given up rural billboards, and others agree to do so when their present contracts expire.

The reform is very new. Five years ago the billboard advertisers of this country retorted to their foes that they had a perfect right to advertise on the property of people who wanted to have them do so. They would probably not say that today. Although it has been judicially held that "billboards on private property cannot be prohibited on the grounds of their offensiveness to the aesthetic sense," they may be prohibited on grounds of their danger "to public health, safety and morals." Powers also inhere in town councils—Los Ange-

les got rid of six miles of billboards by exercise of that power; Portland, Oregon, prohibited unsightly signs; Winnetka, Illinois, eliminated large billboards; Tallahassee, Florida, ruled them out of town; Allentown, Pennsylvania, got rid of them by local ordinance. In Massachusetts an amendment to the State Constitution gave the right "to regulate and restrict all outdoor advertising within public view"—not merely on public land. The New York State Legislature in 1924 passed a law prohibiting signboards in the Adirondack Park, and 2000 signs were accordingly removed in 1925.

The National Committee for the Restriction of Outdoor Advertising advocates a state tax of at least three cents a square foot on all signs outside corporate limits, leaving cities and villages to levy their own tax. "As everyone knows," says the superintendent of Public Works in New York State, "a dirt road has no advertising value, but after the state has expended \$50,000 or more a mile to convert a dirt road into an improved highway, traffic is immediately attracted and signboard companies reap, without any return to the state, a benefit which the state has provided through the expenditure of millions of dollars." Not only the signboard companies—every rural denizen of that roadside becomes single-heartedly bent on "cashing in."

Meantime a movement has been started for rendering roadside stands and signs less objectionable. After all, we must have filling stations, even if we don't need them cheek-by-jowl all along the highway. After all, an occasional coffee-and-sandwich booth is a public benefaction. How to keep the benefits of these, and of the overnight camps, and at the same time to check the ruin of the landscape has called forth numerous suggestions. The most notable one has been the establishment of a fund, initiated by a gift from Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., with which to give annual rewards for the erection and maintenance of the most sightly road-

side stands. Mrs. Rockefeller's gift of \$5000 was deposited with the Art Center of New York, and it has been added to by gifts, widely advertised to have been from packing companies, which had a not altogether unselfish interest in keeping the public from hating the hot dog. The rumor has placed the resulting sum as high as \$40,000.

With this it was planned to offer, first a series of prizes for photographs for the best stand now in operation; second, prizes for plans for better stands, in the hope of developing beauty in them; third, awards or premiums that will insure construction of the new stands either by inducing construction companies to sell units at a low cost, or by actually constructing model units on the important motor thoroughfares; fourth, an annual prize for setting, upkeep and general good appearance of the stands.

The announcement of these awards brought in a great number of competing photographs and designs from all over the country. The first year's competition closed December 1, 1927. Nothing of spectacular beauty or promise resulted, but the movement has been begun, which is something.

Meantime, despite the good old theory that every man's house is his castle, it has been gradually borne in upon the community that the roadside in front of it is not his at all, but the state's. The billboard industry has already learned, as is shown by the verdicts cited, that it is within the province of villages, towns and counties to tax concerns using the roadside for advertising purposes. It will be equally possible to tax private enterprise which relies for its success upon state-constructed roads. Abe and Ike's Red-Hot Eats, Grandmother's Waffles and Flannigan's Filling Station are using state roads for advertising, and they may be taxed for the privilege.

It is all an educational process, and such a process is necessarily slow. Nevertheless the beginning has been made. And we are an amazingly swift people to learn!

The Fifteen Finest Short Stories

Condensed from The Forum (June, '28)

Edward J. O'Brien

AS a literary form the short story is less than a century old, and that century has been one of such upheavals that to define a standard for the finest short stories must be impossible. Yet there would seem to be four methods of setting about our provisional choice. We may choose the stories we like best personally; or those that have the most satisfying literary form; or again those which have the most significant substance grounded in experience and perception; or finally we may choose the stories which unite all three qualities. This last is what I have attempted to do.

The most difficult part of the choice is to decide upon the substance of the stories. Yet there is one certain factor the absence of which prevents a work of art from being really great, and that is the mirroring of something eternal. In truly great literature the characters stand out against the play of eternal forces, each character like "a man against the sky." There is a continuity of experience which links their fate with our own. The 15 stories I have chosen are, therefore, 15 balances between the nobility of man and the nobility of the eternal powers.

1. *Benito Cereno* (1856) by Herman Melville. I regard this as the noblest short story in American literature, though it is little known. The atmosphere is of epic significance, the realization of the human soul profound, and the telling of the story orchestrated like a great symphony. All Conrad's strivings reach fulfillment in this story, and its music lingers long after Conrad's music is forgotten.

2. *Ethan Brand* (1852) by Nathaniel

Hawthorne. Here we have Hawthorne at his moment of greatest perception. He had lived near Melville for a season, while Melville had gone through the terrific experience of finishing *Moby Dick*, of becoming Lucifer and seeing God for a moment, and he had seen Melville's naked soul as it cast itself into everlasting fire. That final act is the story of Ethan Brand, chronicled with everlasting beauty.

3. *The Tell-Tale Heart* (1843) by Edgar Allan Poe. In most of his stories, Poe flees from reality by means of rationalization and constructs his own universe. Here he has made obeisance to the truth which he hated to face. It has faultless integrity, spiritual intensity and profound tragedy.

4. *The Turn of the Screw* (1898) by Henry James. As a story I dislike this intensely, but my dislike is overbalanced by the author's fidelity to what he knew. Henry James was always struggling against fear. Here he looked that fear straight in the eyes and, in my belief, won his victory. Its length does not bar it from being a short story, since its theme, action, and atmosphere are single.

5. *The Three Strangers* (1888) by Thomas Hardy. This is a god's-eye view of human nature. It has no fear, it is proud, it is hopeless. Around it the forces of nature move indifferent to man's doom, yet one feels that that doom may still be transcended, that it may lead to the act of faith which will triumphantly conquer its pride.

6. *Youth* (1902) by Joseph Conrad. Here we have the struggle of man in his simplicity, courage, and faith against fate as embodied in the forces of evil

and the natural elements. Man in his simplicity accepts no challenge, but merely sees difficulties and overcomes them so far as his soul is concerned, even in a losing fight. Seldom have the great natural forces been portrayed so truthfully.

7. *El Ombú* (1902) by W. H. Hudson. No other story in our language has been told so quietly, almost secretly, as this. It is the story of a man alone, with the skies of the Pampas as its background. Its rhythm is the rhythm of wind, its melody is the melody of loyalty, suffering, and death. Hudson told his story out of inward necessity, for he was not a short story writer. It responds to an inward necessity in all of us, which a machine civilization has not succeeded in smothering.

8. *The Phantom 'Rickshaw* (1888) by Rudyard Kipling. This is a story of the everlasting law of justice. The phantom in the 'rickshaw is more real and living than any of Kipling's other characters. For that phantom is the only living part of man, the undying part, the eternal remorse that follows a spiritual refusal.

9. *The Fly* (1923) by Katherine Mansfield. This story is as inevitable as the passage of time. It is an unhappy story, if you like, an untrue story, but it has a cry which has never been stilled from age to age. The author sees with the terrible innocence of eye which children have, but deepened by suffering and rebellion.

10. *An Episode of the Reign of Terror* (1846) by Honoré de Balzac. This story seems to lack that slight element of overemphasis which was Balzac's chief weakness as a story teller. It contains nearly all the primal emotions of man in conflict with mystery, injustice, and suffering. The chief actors in the story are not men but forces, and though they remain invisible to the characters, they are the most important forces in the world.

11. *Mateo Falcone* (1829) by Prosper Mérimée. This is the most primitive story I have selected. It is pagan—hot, stark, staring justice. It has the

electric stillness of air before a great storm, the unalterable justice of Roman law, and the quick flaming passion of the modern Corsican.

12. *A Simple Heart* (1877) by Gustave Flaubert. This story shares with *El Ombú* that quality of stillness which is identical with the deepest awareness. No form could be simpler than this which tells of the old servant, passive and dull; yet its simplicity is piercing to the heart. This story is the greatest act of faith made by any story teller I know, and will perhaps always appeal most to those who have hearts as perfectly simple as that of the old servant.

13. *Two Friends* (1882) by Guy de Maupassant. The preëminence of Maupassant is that of intelligence only. Yet in this story I perceive something of the same quality as I find in *The Simple Heart*. There is the same innocent dumbness, the same spiritual inviolability, the same inevitable irony, and in the death of these two friends we feel that they live more intensely than ever before.

14. *The Black Monk* (1894) by Anton Chekhov. Remember in this story two points that are usually overlooked—that the black monk is black, and that the protagonist of the story calls for Tanya at the end—and you will find here the truly heroic answer to life. Here all temptations are encountered, all sins committed, all hope for the time abandoned; but life makes its final appeal from the brink of the grave.

15. *Lazarus* (1906) by Leonid Andreyev. If *The Black Monk* shows us life making a final answer from the brink of the grave, *Lazarus* perhaps goes a step further and suggests to us the answer life may bring back from the other side of the grave. This answer which has no words but glows in the eyes of Lazarus, confronts emperors and philosophers and overthrows them. Worldly wisdom is declared bankrupt, pleasure a vain toy, life a trial. The eyes of Lazarus burn all pomp and vanity away with the ultimate testimony of death, and in that testimony life finds either hope or despair.

Her Homespun Library

Condensed from Personality (June, '28)

Helen Norfleet

NOWADAYS, when organization has extended even to philanthropy, it is interesting to hear the story of a woman who has not waited to become incorporated or federated before doing what her hands found to do, and whose social service work (she probably never heard the phrase) is none the less vital for its lack of "method."

This woman is Mrs. Ada Check, of Check Corners, Sulphur Springs, Arkansas, who in her spare minutes between keeping house, "raising" her children and grandchildren, feeding the livestock, sewing, spinning, and weaving, has built a free library which serves the country people of three states.

A pioneer by birth and instinct, she was not dismayed when her husband brought her to a remote corner of the Ozarks. Neighbors were few and far between, but Mrs. Check's neighborliness encompassed them all, and very soon people in the valley learned to ride over for a visit.

Mrs. Check had not had much schooling, but she came from a family which valued books and respected learning, and she had always loved to read. She

had a few papers and magazines and she noticed that her visitors, especially the young ones, seemed interested in them. She learned, too, that they were rather purposeless young people, sometimes restless because, when the day's work was done, there was nothing to do to escape from the humdrum routine. For the older people even a quilting bee was an event.

"If they just had something to read it wouldn't be so bad," Mrs. Check thought, and she put her wits to work. She asked the boys and girls to come to her house one evening a week and she read aloud to them. When they became too interested to wait a week to finish a story she let them take it home and pass it around.

Soon all her material was exhausted. But the young people continued to come back for more. By this time the older people had caught the fever from the books their children brought home. Their interest was a challenge to her resourcefulness, and she rose to the occasion.

There was a flock of sheep on the farm whose wool she combed, corded, and spun on the old spinning wheel that

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July, 1928

had been her grandmother's. The tourists who came more and more frequently through the Ozark region in the summer were always interested in the hand-woven coverlets, patchwork quilts, and rag rugs in her home. One day she told a tourist about her reading circle and how much she needed books. The lady seemed interested. She took Mrs. Check's name and a few weeks later a box of books arrived. The valley was agog with excitement and Mrs. Check wove a rug and sent it to the donor of the books.

Other tourists came and she seized every opportunity to interest them in what a more sophisticated social worker would have called her "project." Her method was simple. She told them that she and her neighbors wanted books to read in the long evenings, and said that if they could send her some of their old ones she would make them rag rugs.

They responded generously. Books came from all over the United States until her house overflowed. Mrs. Check decided to build a library.

She did not organize a committee or take up the matter with the county officers. She just told the neighbors they ought to have a place to keep the books and go to read. The idea spread through the countryside. People began coming in to Check Corners with gifts—a door, a windowpane, a bag of nails, a few planks. In no time she had the material for a one-room building and everybody pitched in and put it up right across the road from her house. There was no architect and the finished product would win no honors in a beauty contest,

but it is solid, weather-proof, and will hold books. The rectangular little room has three windows, and shelves run all around the walls. An old-fashioned wood stove was put in with a single rocking chair and a rag rug before it. The only other piece of furniture is a small table for newspapers and magazines. A nail behind the door has a pencil tablet hanging from it and a sign written in pencil says, "Please write down here the books you take out and your name."

That is all there is to Mrs. Check's library system. No card index, no files, no fines, no rules. Just 400 or so worn and faded books—Dickens, Poe, George Eliot, Shakespeare; histories, novels, travel books, religious books—a motley collection, but one surprisingly free from cheap literature.

The little library, endowed only by Mrs. Check's flock of 15 sheep, has an amazing scope of service. People from three, and sometimes four states come to it for books, and many an Ozark farmhouse looks to it for the only interest which gives life and color to the monotonous winter days. Bed-ridden old people are pitifully dependent on it, and many young minds get their first inspiration, their first contact with the world outside their valley, from its shelves.

As for Mrs. Check, her greatest excitement continues to come from the arrival of a new book. After a long day of farm and household chores, of tending the library, the garden, the sheep, the geese, and her small grandsons, the unpretentious little philanthropist settles down to knit and read.

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GILBERT K. CHESTERTON (p. 129), noted English author, was born in London in 1874, and was educated in St. Paul's School and the Slade School of Art. As a reviewer of books on art, he began a literary career which speedily became so successful that the literature swallowed up the art — or most of it for Mr. Chesterton still returns occasionally to pen and crayon.

COL. LEONARD P. AYRES (p. 131) is, among other things, the statistical expert for the Cleveland Trust Company. He comes pretty near to being statistical expert for the country at large. Probably no summaries and forecasts of general business conditions are more widely consulted than those coming from his office.

MARGARET CULKIN BANNING'S (p. 133) short stories are well known to magazine readers. She has also written several novels, including "The Women of the Family" and "Pressure."

STUART CHASE (pp. 135, 169) is Director of the Labor Bureau, Inc., formerly investigator for the Federal Trade Commission, author of "The Tragedy of Waste," and joint author of "Getting Your Money's Worth," not to mention a steady flow of informative articles in the better newspapers and magazines.

RAYMOND WALTERS (p. 139), Dean of Swarthmore College and author of "Getting Into College," is a keen observer and student of American education.

WALTER B. PITKIN (p. 143) has been a Columbia University man for 23 years, and professor of journalism since the Pulitzer School was founded. In addition he gives graduate courses in the psychology of human interest.

JOHN F. SINCLAIR (p. 151) is well known in financial circles.

FRANCIS BOWES SAYRE (p. 153) is professor of law at Harvard University.

JAMES H. LEUBA (p. 157) is professor of psychology at Bryn Mawr College. A Swiss by birth, Professor Leuba came to this country at the age of 19, was appointed professor of psychology at Bryn Mawr only two years later (in 1889), in due time secured his doctorate at Clark University and studied in Germany and France, and has subsequently contributed a number of important books in his special field.

LEWIS E. LAWES (p. 161), Warden of Sing Sing Prison, is writing a series of articles on criminals for *The World's Work*. His next subject will be, "Why Capital Punishment?"

WILL DURANT (p. 171) was once a reporter on the *New York Evening Journal* but found the pace too swift for his philosophic mind, so he turned to teaching Latin, Greek, French and English at Seton Hall College, East Orange, New Jersey. In 1912, Dr. Durant took up graduate work in philosophy, biology, and psychology at Columbia, receiving his degree in 1917. Four years later he was made director of Labor Temple School, and organized one of New York's most successful experiments in adult education. Then came his "Story of Philosophy," and his retirement from the Labor Temple School.

OWEN TWEEDY (p. 173) is a Captain in the British Army, and has been an observer of Palestinian affairs since 1917.

REV. JAMES BRETT KENNA (p. 177) took his A.B. degree at the University of Tennessee; studied also at Garrett Seminary in Evanston, Illinois, at Northwestern University, and at Union Seminary in New York; had pastoral experience in East Texas, in East Tennessee, in Illinois, in New York City, and in Newark, New Jersey; and in 1926 became pastor of the First Methodist Church of Wichita, Kansas. No one who is aware of the range of Mr. Kenna's experience will dismiss his article as representing merely conditions in one local field.

HARLAN JAMES (p. 179) is Executive Secretary of the American Civic Association.

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL (p. 181) is as profoundly interested in music as he is in sociology, or politics or poetry. He grew up under Theodore Thomas, and has heard the best music in all the great capitals of the world. He will have a new book this autumn under the alluring title, "A-Raftin' on the Mississippi."

GILBERT SELDES (p. 183) is a distinguished critic of the arts.

KONRAD BERCOVICI (p. 185) was born in 1892 in Rumania, but came to this country 11 years ago and now calls New York home. His Gipsy stories are known to all magazine readers. Among his books are "Around the World in New York," "Crime of Charity," "Dust of New York," and "Ghitza."

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN (p. 189) has devoted his time since 1915 mainly to the criticism of the short story. For 13 years he has edited and published an annual selection of "Best Short Stories."

